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FRANK LESLIE'S

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THE MYSTIC THREE;

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE BOYS WHO BELIEVED ALL THEY READ.

By PIERCE CUTTING.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFLOAT AT LAST.

IT was pitch-dark in the village, but the fugitives were in need of no light to guide their flying steps. There is only one street in West Harbor, and it leads from the Sound, where it begins, to the country.

As their pursuers were approaching from the latter direction, the Mystic Three very naturally went in the other, and all they had to do was to go straight ahead.

And, to use their own expression, they did just go it.

They went it at such a rate, indeed, that all three dashed out on the little wharf at the foot of the street, and plumped into the water before they knew it.

The furious shouts of their pursuers rang out overhead, and they dared not attempt to return to the shore, so by one common instinct they paddled out toward where the black hulk of a little schooner riding at anchor was dimly visible against the sombre sky.

"There ain't any light aboard of her!" gasped Gid, as he swam, "so everybody's likely to be ashore."

"But what'll we do when we get on her?" demanded Hack.

"Up anchor and get out to sea."

"We'll have to do it mighty quick, then, or they'll overhaul us."

"I guess not."

"We'd feel a sight better if you knew it."

"Well, I do know it. I'm in my element now, and don't you forget it."

"If you mean you're in the water, you're welcome to all of your element you want. I'm sure I don't care for any more of it."

And with his teeth chattering like castanets, Hack grabbed a rope trailing from the schooner's sides, and hauled himself up till he could catch hold of the low bulwark.

Then he swung himself on deck, and his companions followed his example.

As they did so the bright glare of a dozen torches and lanterns showed them that the party on shore had got lights in order to continue the pursuit.

"Oh, Bones!" groaned Sim, "we're gone now."

"We will be in a brace of shakes," returned Gid.

"I know it," wailed Sim.

"Then what are you squalling about?"

"If I was squalling, which I ain't, it would be at being caught like this."

"Who is going to be caught?"

"We are, it's plain to be seen," answered Sim.

"Well, I'm glad you think so."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"And why are you glad I think so, pray?"

"Because you're going to be agreeably disappointed. Lend a hand now to make sail, both of you."

"To do what?" demanded Hack.

"To make sail," answered Gid Goble.

"Are you crazy?"

"Am I what?"

"Loony, cracked, off you're nut, light in the mansard?"

Gid stared at the speaker as if he saw a ghost.

"Blame it all!" he said, at last. "To judge from the looks of things, you are. Are you going to stand jawing here all night, or help to make sail?"

"And what are we going to make it out of? Our shirts?"

Gid gave a snort of disgust.

"Well, if this isn't enough to make a shark sick," he said.

"What!"

"This ignorance."

"Who's ignorant?"

"A very near relative of yours who don't know what making sail is."

"I've helped make many a one, for all that. But I generally had something to make it out of."

"And besides," added Sim, "the sails are all here. All we've got to do is to raise 'em up."

"Raise 'em up!" exclaimed Gid; "and is that all you know about a ship?"

"Well, it's about all we want to know, just now."

"Still, there's nothing like knowing it right."

"Well, what is the right, then?"

"Why, hoist 'em up, of course."

"Then let us hoist." And putting their shoulders under the main-boom, Hack and Sim raised the spar, sail and all, as high as they could.

Gid looked on with a grin, till Hack panted, bending under the heavy weight.

"Well, what's next?"

"Why, let that down."

"But we've got to get sail hoisted somehow."

"You'll never do it that how; so drop it."

Thus commanded, the boys lowered the boom.

"Now, then, cast off these lashings."

And Gid pointed to the gaskets, by which the furled sail was kept snug to the spar.

"Is it these strings you mean?" asked Sim.

"Yes, it is."

"And you want 'em cast off?"

"Yes."

"But they're tied in knots."

"THE SHARP PROW OF THE SCHOONER WENT CRASHING THROUGH THE FRAIL SKIFF, CUTTING IT IN HALF AS A KNIFE CUTS CHEESE."

READ OUR GREAT STORIES—"THE JANITOR'S BOY" AND "THE MYSTIC THREE."

"Then untie them."

"Sakes alive! Why didn't you say that at first?"

"Young man," said Gid, impressively, "do you happen to know where you are?"

"I'm on a ship."

"No, you're not."

"I'm not?"

"No."

"Where am I, then? On a railroad train?"

"No, sir, you're on a schooner. And if you're so dumb as not to know anything about a schooner, I'm not, and I want things done shipshape."

"Schooner-shape, you mean."

"Never mind what I mean. You just do 'em."

"If you don't tell us what to do soon, those folks ashore will save us the trouble. Shall we pull up that front sail there?"

"You may hoist the foresail."

"Well, it's all the same, I s'pose, as long as we do it. Come ahead, Hack."

Between the three they soon had the main and foresail hoisted, for the schooner was a small one and her spread of canvas light.

Then they contrived in some way or another to get the gib up.

It was a miracle how they did it, for Gid's knowledge of a ship was little more extensive than that of his associates.

He had never set foot on anything more seaworthy than a canal boat before, and though he had a string of sea phrases as long as his arm, which he had learned from his books, his comprehension of their meaning was decidedly misty.

"Now, then, lay aft there," he said, when the jib was got up.

"Do what?" demanded Hack.

"Lay aft!"

"This is a pretty time to lay anywhere, when we ought to be hard at work getting away from here. I prefer standing up."

Before Gid could explain this mistake away a wild shout reached their ears from ashore.

They had been discovered.

As long as the schooner's bare spars alone showed, their pursuers had not noticed her particularly.

Now, however, her white sails caught every eye, and apprised them that the malefactors whom they were seeking along the shore were on the water.

"Darn 'em, they're goin' to run away with my schooner!" cried the captain of that craft, who was one of the party.

"It don't look like it just now," observed another salt. "They've got sail on her, but they haven't had sense enough to weigh anchor."

"Blame it, so they haven't! We'll ketch 'em yet!"

And the captain and half a dozen followers began to drop into a boat which was moored to the wharf.

The Mystic Three, meanwhile, were in a quandary. They had sail on their craft, but instead of gliding off through the water like a thing of life, leaving pursuit far behind, she kept going round and round about the one place like a top, and at a rate that made them dizzy.

"What, in all conscience, is the matter with the darned old scow?" demanded Hack.

"She must have growed fast," observed Sim.

"She's going fast enough, but if she had growed fast how could she move."

"If she don't stop moving soon my stomach will commence," groaned Sim, whose digestive apparatus was being upset by the circular motion of the schooner. "You're a nice sailor, you are, Gid Gobie."

"Maybe I am," was the sullen response.

"You'd be a good deal nicer if you'd stop this blamed round and round the mulberry bush business."

"How can I stop it?"

"I thought you knew all about the sea?"

"So I do."

"Then what do you mean by getting us stuck like this?"

"Because this ain't the sea, it's the Sound."

"Well, Sound or sea, I think a bath in it would do you good."

"Why so?"

"Because the water's salt."

Gid's angry reply to this animadversion was lost in a shout of consternation from Hack.

"We're all gone up," he cried. "There they come in a boat."

And he pointed to that craft which had just shoved off from the wharf.

"Oh, snakes!" groaned Sim; "we're in for it now."

"I can feel the chains on me already," wailed Hack.

"And taste the bread-and-water," sobbed Sim.

"I believe that jackass Irishman will kill us before we get a chance to taste it," whimpered Hack.

"Not much, he won't!"

And as he shouted the words in a voice that made them jump three feet from the deck, Gid Gobie dealt his thigh a slap that would have made an elephant squeal.

"What a pack of fools we are!" he said.

"Of course we are," groaned his companions.

"Here we've been spinning around the circle for ten minutes, and never had sense enough to weigh the anchor."

"To do what?"

"To weigh the anchor."

"What's the anchor got to do with it?"

"Why, it's it that keeps us here."

"Then I don't see the use of stopping to weigh it. If it's as heavy as all that, why don't you chuck it overboard?"

"If I had time to spare, Hack Snick," exclaimed the disgusted Gid, "I'd kick you overboard; but I haven't."

And snatching up a hatchet which lay on the deck, he bounded forward.

The anchor was attached to a stout Manilla hawser, which a couple of sturdy blows served to sever.

The schooner slot forward at once.

Only, as her prow had been directed to the shore when the anchor was cut away, she went that way.

Gid sprang to the tiller, but he had never steered a boat in his life, and not knowing that the tiller had to be turned in a contrary direction to that in which he desired the schooner to go, he shoved it the wrong way.

The vessel, consequently, instead of going out of the harbor, bore directly down on the pursuing boat.

The inmates of the boat saw this, and supposed at once that it was the intention of the fugitives to run them down.

"You young pirates!" roared the skipper. "Luff up and let us come aboard."

Gid, bewildered with fright, only brought the schooner closer to the objective point.

"Durn the young sharks!" yelled the skipper. "They're a-going to run us down, sure."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the sharp prow of the schooner went crashing through the frail skiff, cutting it in half as a knife cuts cheese.

Then Gid, having got the tiller as far one way as he could, pushed it the other.

The schooner came around just in time to save herself from smashing into the wharf, and a minute later was running out the end of the harbor, leaving her pursuers to swim ashore at their ease.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A BRIEF VOYAGE.

GIDEON GOBLE was now in his glory. His two friends had no doubt that his running down of the boat was a masterly stratagem to effectually rid them of their enemies, and their respect for him was no small one.

Gid Goble, the little that he knew about the species of conveyance their fortunes were now entrusted to was infinitely more than they did, and they were completely dependent on him.

To do Gid justice, he was not a harsh skipper.

In fact, once he began to reflect on his position he was uneasy in regard to himself to do much bullyragging on the others.

He had not the slightest idea of where they were going or how they were going to get there.

All his life he had been dreaming of the glories of a life on the ocean wave, and picturing himself in a red shirt, and Russia leather boots, with a fancy sash full of deadly weapons, steering his gallant corsair into the thick of the fight.

And now!

Face to face with the reality, he did not know enough to steer a wretched little herring schooner of twenty-five tons to New York.

He had visions of Gid Gobie, the Gorgon of the Gulf, with a crew of ferocious miscreants, scouring the Spanish Main in search of prey.

And here he was afloat in Long Island Sound, scouring his brains for an idea how to get ashore again.

To make matters worse the Sound was rough, and he commenced to feel as if he might be seasick.

"Well, I'll have to play it off on them, somehow," he thought; "so the best thing I can do is to have a look at the ship before I get too sick to move."

The schooner had a little compass in her binnacle, and at Gid's command the couple of dingy oil lamps which illuminated it were lighted.

The pointer of the compass showed that they were running west.

As New York lay somewhere to the westward, Gid determined to hold that course till daylight.

He knew enough to lash the tiller amidships, and leaving the schooner to do the rest, he set out to explore their surroundings.

The cabin hatch was closed, but not locked, and they went below and struck a light.

A lantern with a reflector was fastened to the forward bulkhead, and lighting the lamp in it, they looked about them.

One glance overhead over the lantern was painted the inscription, "*The Fisherman's Pride*, of West Harbor." It was the name of the schooner.

The cabin of the *Fisherman's Pride* was so small that it would have been death to a cat of any size to try to swing her there.

There was a bunk on each side, and an old settee, with a corn-husk cushion, covered with calico, against the stern.

In front of each bunk was a long locker, and in a corner a little pantry cupboard.

Their first task was to explore the lockers.

They contained little, but odds and ends of old clothing, oakum, blocks and the like.

In a corner of one, however, were half a dozen books.

At sight of the familiar covers of these volumes, the three Devastators uttered a simultaneous ejaculation of satisfaction.

"Dime novels, by Jinks!" cried Hack.

"Well, this is luck," observed Sim.

"Oh, I tell you, I'm the boy to set you straight," remarked Gid, complacently. "Ladle those volumes out, now, and let's see the titles."

The books were spread out on the table and the titles exposed.

There were six in all, and the titles read as follows:

"Barney, the Blood-red; Or, The Grinning Skull."

"Francisco, the Boy Fiend; Or, The Cannibal Corsair of the Chil an Coast."

"Strychnine Sam; Or, The Prancing Poisoner of the Plains."

"Satan's Own; Or, The Armless Assassin of the Abbey."

"Moccasin Mose; Or, The Snake Hunter's Secret."

"Rollicking Ralph; Or, A Life on the Road."

To say that this toothsome mental banquet affected the Mystic Three in a pleasurable sense would not do the ghost of justice to their emotions.

They were simply stupefied with delight.

They forgot, for the moment, where they were, and even the uneasy state of their stomachs, as they feasted their eyes on the literary treasures before them.

Gideon Goble was the first to speak.

"There's one thing certain, boys," he said.

"What's that?" demanded the others.

"That we're in luck's way."

"Oh, ain't we, just!"

"I don't mind losing the zebra, after all."

"Neither do I."

"Nor I."

Just think, if that Irishman hadn't turned up where would we have been?"

"In West Harbor, I suppose."

"Just so. And where would these books have been?"

"Goodness knows. Where we wouldn't be able to read them, that's sure."

"I wonder who they belong to?" observed Sim.

"The captain, maybe," returned Gid.

"Or the cabin-boy," said Hack.

"Who would think of finding such literary taste on a low fishing-boat like this?"

"If I was you, Peggy," interposed Gid, "I'd be ashamed of myself."

"I'd like to know what for?"

"For your ingratitude."

"Who's ungrateful?"

"You are."

"And what for?"

"For calling this craft such names."

"Well, it is a low fishing-boat, isn't it?"

"Maybe it is, but considering the books, you might be decent enough not to blackguard the ship that carries them."

"That's so, Pug," observed Hack.

Simeon Washington Pugsley blushed.

"I never thought of that," he said. "I take it all back. Now, let's have a read."

But here a new difficulty rose.

No one knew which of the stories he wanted to read first.

"If we could only take them all in at once, now," observed Sim.

"But we can't," said Gid. "Go ahead and choose one."

"I can't do it."

"Nor I, now you I," said Hack.

"Then we'll have to draw lots for them."

Accordingly, the titles of the novels were written on slips of paper and mixed up in Hack's hat.

Then each drew a slip, and instantaneously fastening on the book it entitled him to, threw himself on locker and lounge and commenced to read.

The wind had risen, and the *Fisherman's Pride* plowed on due west, rolling in the rough seas.

Every lurch she made it neatened to roll the readers from their couches, but they always saved themselves, and kept their eyes glued on the thrilling pages before them.

Hour succeeded hour, and still the schooner, left to herself, sped due west, while the readers in the cabin conned their romances with tireless eyes.

Now and then a loud yawp, accompanied by agonized groans, would echo through the cabin.

It was one of the Devastators being seasick.

But even in the throes of that painful malady they gripped the manic pages and forgot all pain.

The gathering storm-clouds blew by overhead in a black rack, which old sailors would have viewed with grave forebodings.

The wind went through the rigging with a warning moan.

The waves, swashing along the counter of the *Fisherman's Pride*, seemed hungering for prey.

But the Mystic Three heeded them not.

The cabin clock had just struck four.

Day was breaking, and they were nearing the end of their last volumes, when a sudden thundering sound rang in their ears with terrible distinctness.

Absorbed as they were, they could not help noticing it, and sitting up for a moment, they looked at one another.

"What can it be?" said Gid.

As if in answer, came what seemed to be loud shouts and confused cries from the misty air outside.

They leaped to their feet, when there was a tremendous crash, and the schooner went over on her beam-ends and the cabin filled with water.

Another crash, and the roof of the cabin was fairly knocked off, and the *Fisherman's Pride* began to settle in the water.

Grabbing such drifting stuff as they could, while she sank, the Devastators floated to the surface.

Bewildered, deafened by the noises all about them, and blinded by the water, they scarcely knew what was happening to them, when they left themselves readily seized and dragged aboard.

They had been pulled through the cargo port of a huge sound steamer, which had run the schooner down, and the first distinct words they heard were uttered by a portly man in a blue suit stuccoed with brass buttons, who cried, angrily:

"Well, you're a nice pack of young idiots, ain't you, now? Why didn't you drown and save the world trouble, eh?"

"I don't believe they had sense enough to, captain," observed another official.

"I believe you're right. How in blazes did you get there, anyhow?"

"We sailed there," returned Gid, who by no means relished the personal remarks applied to him, curtly.

"Oh, indeed! And what did you sail there for?"

"Because we felt like it. We've got as much right to the Sound as you have, I guess."

"But I guess you've got no right to be in the way of my steamer. Anyhow, I've got no time to waste on you, now. Mr. Mate!"

"Yes, sir," responded that functionary.

"Show these gentlemen the way to the engine-room. They must need a warming up after their bath."

And the captain walked away, while the mate, with a malicious grin, bade the boys follow him.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MUTINY.

FOLLOWING the lead of the mate, the Mystic Three descended a steep flight of very hot and greasy iron steps into the boiler-room of the steamer.

Eight great furnaces were in full blast, and the place was so hot that a beefsteak might have been broiled on the air.

Fantastic figures of perspiring men moved to and fro, looking in the red light of the fires more like fiends than human beings.

One of these, a powerful fellow, who was poking one of the fires as if he had a grudge against it, the mate called by name.

"Mr. Kole," he said.

The man pulled out his poking-rod in such a hurry that it came within an ace of burning Gideon Goble's nose off, and replied:

"Ay, ay, sir."

"I've brought some visitors to see you."

"So I see," said Mr. Kole, grinning. "What old clothes-shop did you fish them out of?"

"Davy Jones's was about the nearest one to them, I believe."

"They do look a little damp, don't they?"

"Yes. So Captain Carson sent 'em down to dry."

"It's very kind of him, to be sure," observed Hack, "but I prefer staying damp. If I stop here five minutes more I'll be boiled."

"I'm nearly done already," said Sim.

"If I ain't done off soon I'll be burned to a crisp," added Gid.

"Oh, no, you won't," said the mate. "I'll go bail for that. So peel off and get to work."

"Do what?"

"Get to work now. Lively, mind."

"To work at what?"

"Why, at shoveling coal, of course. You don't think we make ice cream here, do you?"

The Mystic Three stared at one another in no little consternation, but there was no help for them.

They had to strip to their shirts and pantaloons and go to work passing coal from the bunkers in which it was stored to the furnaces.

If any reader labors under the impression that this is an easy job, he had better try it for a day or two.

And if, at the end of that time, he don't wish he was in his grave, we will give in.

The Devastators soon had enough of it.

Soaked with perspiration and as black as Congo negroes from the coal-dust, they were on the point of dropping exhausted when Mr. Kole turned on them with an oath that fairly made their hair curl.

"Look alive there!" he shouted.

"How can we look alive when we're half dead?" demanded Sim, with the boldness of despair.

"You'll be all dead if you don't stir yourselves," was the reply. "If I have any more skulking, I'm blistered if I don't shove the lot of you into the furnaces—see if I don't."

This dire threat had its effect.

The three pilgrims went to work with renewed vigor, and kept at it till they were actually exhausted.

At this juncture the steamer arrived at her dock in New York, and the necessity for their labors ceased.

The chief fireman, however, set them to work helping draw the fires, and when that was done, commanded them to bear a hand with a couple of his assistants who were shoveling the ashes from the furnace into buckets to be hoisted on deck.

This was the straw which broke the camel's back.

The Mystic Three refused flatly to comply, and there is no knowing what might have followed if the captain had not commanded their appearance on deck.

His wrath had had time to cool now, and he began to feel easy.

He believed the Devastators to be the owners of the schooner he had run down, and was afraid they would sue him for damages, so he resolved to make friends with them, if he could.

When they entered the cabin he gave vent to a well-assumed exclamation of surprise at their appearance.

"Good gracious, gentlemen," he cried, "what has happened to you?"

"Well, upon my word," muttered Hack, staring blankly at him, "I call that a cool question."

"And why?"

"As if you didn't know what had happened to us."

"Well, I don't."

"You might make a good guess, then. Of course you didn't order us to be treated this way?"

"I most certainly did not."

"Then all I can say is that that mate of yours wants a setting out."

"But what for?"

"Why, for keeping us at work in that darned coal-hole till we were nearly dead."

"Did he do that?"

"He just did."

"Then he shall most certainly be punished. Will you sit down and have some lunch while I send for him?"

And he touched a bell on the table.

A darkey waiter appeared, and was commanded to produce the best lunch that the steamer afforded and to send the mate in.

He obeyed promptly, and the boys had just commenced to gobble the viands set before them when the offending official came in.

A stare of surprise marked his face when he saw the three luncheons, and he gave vent to a low whistle. "Well, I swear!" he said.

"You swear at what, sir?" demanded the captain, sharply.

The mate glared at him in astonishment for a minute. Then he said:

"Oh, at nothing."

"Then what's the use of swearing at all?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir."

"Perhaps you do know, then, why you have treated these young gentlemen as you have?"

"What, these?"

"Those young gentlemen."

"And what have I been doing to 'em?"

"Why, setting them to work in the coal-hole."

"Oh, yes. To be sure."

"And why?"

"Why, sir?"

"Yes, why."

"Why, because you told me to, of course."

The captain flushed as red as a flannel shirt, and said: "I told you to?"

"To be sure."

"Mr. Jones, are you aware to whom you are speaking?"

"I am, Captain Carson."

"And have you the cheek to stand there and lie to me that way?"

"Who's lying?"

"You are."

"Not much, I ain't. Do you mean to say you didn't order me to take them there young sarpints to the fire-room and see 'em to work?"

"I do."

"Then I've got only one remark to make."

"What's that?"

"That there's an infernal, low-down liar here, and it ain't me."

The captain turned purple in the gills and jumped up violently.

"Mr. Jones, sir," he cried, "do you know what this is?"

"No; and what's more, I don't care."

"It's mutiny, sir!"

"Mutiny be blowed."

"Mank mutiny, and I won't have it!"

"Throw it overboard, then."

"I'll throw you overboard! Leave this boat at once!"

"Do what?"

"Leave this boat, I say."

"And why?"

"Because I discharge you."

"Oh, you discharge me, do you?"

"Yes, I do.

"And on account of them low-down pups there?"

"Never you mind on whose account; just git!"

The mate calmly rolled up his sleeves, spat on his hands and cocked his hat on his head, very far over his left eye.

"All right," he said; "I'll git. But I'll git even with you first."

And without further warning he let out with his left and struck the captain a grievous blow on the right eye.

The assaulted skipper retaliated, and they were soon at it tooth and nail.

Having finished their lunch by this time, or, rather, having eaten all on the table, except the dishes, knives and forks and cruet-stand, the Mystic Three did not linger to learn the termination of the fight.

"While the coast is clear," observed Hackalish Snick, "it strikes me that we may as well execute a strategic movement."

"Which is?" queried his associates.

"To skip."

Accordingly, they skipped.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN INDIAN FIGHT.

THE first act of the Devastators, when they got ashore, was to repair damages.

They had plenty of money, thanks to the success of the zebra show, and this was, consequently, an easy matter.

At the first slop-shop they came to Gid invested in a complete sailor's rig, with a tarpaulin-hat, and a clasp-knife big enough to kill elephants with.

Hack purchased a broad-brimmed felt-hat, a pair of very tight pantaloons, a frilled shirt, a nattyy velveteen coat, and boots which covered his thighs, and were so heavy that he could scarcely lift his feet.

A broad wash-leather belt was clasped around his waist with a brass plate that weighed about a pound.

Simeon Walsingham Pugsley was, however, left out in the cold.

He could not find a costume suitable to a wild hunteman of the plains, and he swore he wouldn't wear any other.

"What the fence are you going to do, then?" demanded Hack.

"Why, wear these till I find others."

"And do you suppose I'm going to prance around New York with a fellow that looks like a sweep?"

"I don't know, and what's more, I don't care!"

"And why?"

"Because, for why; jest so."

And he slapped his pocket significantly.

That settled the matter.

He was the custodian of all the money, and had the whip-hand.

It was not long, however, before chance put him in a way of rigging himself out.

Hack wanted a pair of spurs, and the slop-shop man directed them to his brother, who kept an old curiosity-shop for the sale of pawnbroker's unredeemed pledges.

There they found the very thing Sim wanted.

It was a trapper's costume, which had belonged to some actor of the Buffalo Bill school, and with a little pruning and drawing together, made a very tolerable fit.

An old sealskin-cap and red-leather shoes completed the outfit.

Having succeeded in making themselves presentable in their way, they marched boldly into the first hotel they came to, which happened to be a big one on Park Row.

The clerk was considerably astonished, but as they paid for their room for a week in advance he had nothing to say against them.

Their next move was to take a look at the city.

While they were wandering about they stumbled on a shop where a window-full of firearms were exposed for sale, and from this stock they completed their outfit.

This consisted of revolvers, knives and a cutlass for Gid, while Sim added a hatchet and rifle to his equipment.

The sensation their appearance created in the street can be as easily imagined as described, if not easier.

The very dogs were afraid to bark at them.

"I tell you, we're just the Simon Pure of every eye," observed Gid, loading a cutlass as big as a cleaver with one hand, and shoving a navy-revolver further into his belt with the other.

"I should just say we are," remarked Hack. "How do you like it—eh, Puggy?"

"Just chop."

"Then do me one favor."

"Certainly."

"And point that gun of yours the other way."

"Anything to oblige you." And Sim complied.

"Hadn't we better go back to the hotel?" asked Gid.

"What for?"

"Why, to leave that shooting-iron of Pug's there, where it can't hurt anybody."

"Not much, you don't," said Sim. "I'm carrying it, I believe."

"You're welcome to, I'm sure; though I'm blamed if I see what use it is here."

"It mayn't be of any use here, but you never read of a trapper without his rifle, did you?"

"I don't say as I did."

"Well, then, you won't see one now. It wouldn't be natural, you know."

"It could be sensible, though."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, then."

"Tell away."

"You unload yourself of those toad-stickers and baby-guns of yours and I'll leave my stock on, too."

"Not much, we won't."

"Then let her went as she is."

And they let her went.

It was evening when they accomplished the purchase of their deadly weapons, and they wandered about till ten o'clock, staring at pretty much all the sights of the great city they encountered in open-mouthed wonder.

As the clock of a neighboring church struck ten, they found themselves in the flowery, at the crossing of one of the streets leading from the East to the North River.

They had stopped at the corner, when Sim gave vent to a sudden "Sah!"

"What's up now?" demanded the others.

"Look!"

And he pointed down the cross-street.

About a hundred yards from them was a lighted shop, and in the shade of a couple of trees in front of it a form was visible.

It was that of an Indian standing on the curb stone, with his face toward the shop-window, and his right hand upraised.

And in that hand was an implement which they recognized at once.

It was a tomahawk, which, to all appearances, the savage was in the act of throwing.

"Well, I'm blamed if it ain't an Indian," gasped Gid.

"And in his war-paint, too," said Hack. "Where does he come from?"

"It don't matter much where he comes from," exclaimed Sim, in a fever of excitement. "He's there, ain't he?"

"To be sure he is."

"And he's going to hurt somebody in that shop."

"It looks like it."

"Then the question is, shall he do it while we're around?"

"Not much."

"You'll stand by me?"

"We will."

"Then I'll give him a dose of cold lead, and then we'll all pitch into him at once."

And Sim cocked his gun and leveled it.

The savage was apparently so absorbed in his deadly purpose that he did not notice the noise.

He was taking deliberate and deadly aim with his tomahawk, when a shot rang out.

Then, with a wild yell, the Devastators charged on him.

At the sound of the shot and the fiendish howl which followed it, a man appeared in the door of the shop, which was a little cigar-store.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "vot vas dot?"

"You're saved," shouted Sim. "We caught him just in time."

And he dealt the Indian a blow with his hatchet that would have cut any ordinary man in two, while Gid and Hack laid into him with cutlass and knife.

But their foe was by no means an ordinary man, and he seemed to enjoy the rough treatment highly.

In point of fact, he was one of the wooden effigies which serve as signs for the New York tobacconists' shops.

The Mystic Three, however, were too much excited to notice this, and they hacked away after a fashion that made the chips fly, while the proprietor of the shop yelled:

"Police! Help! dey schmashes mine dummy all up!"

And he jumped at Sim to arrest his devastating arm.

He succeeded in knocking the hatchet from his hand, but Sim, believing firmly that this was another savage, come to the assistance of the first, grappled him and ripped out a war-whoop that would have waked the dead, while he tripped him up.

Gid and Hack came to his assistance, and all four were rolling in the gutter pounding one another with strict impartiality when a policeman came up.

He yanked Sim to his feet without more ado.

"An' what the blazes is all this?" he demanded.

"It's a fight," gasped Sim.

"Faith, I can see that meself. But what is it all about?"

"About the Indian."

"What injun?"

"The one that was going to kill the man in the shop."

"An' where is he?"

"There."

And Sim pointed to the gutter, into which the effigy had been upset during the fight.

The policeman looked from the figure to the speaker in absolute stupefaction.

"Well, may I be paralyzed!" he gasped. "An' have yez been foightin' that wooden dummy there?"

"What wooden dummy?"

"Why, that one there."

"The Indian, do you mean?"

The policeman uttered a groan.

"Injun, is it? Faith, the boy's crazy," he said.

"Who's crazy?" demanded Sim, indignantly.

"Why, you."

"I'm not."

"Yez are."

"You lie!"

"Begorra, now I'm sure av it. Come along to the station, me buckern."

And the blue-coat commenced to drag his prisoner away.

Shouting that he would follow on and make a complaint as soon as he could call his wife down to mind the shop, the cigar man dived into his store, while the woodering crowd closed in around the policeman and the Mystic Three, who by this time began to appreciate the fact that they had been making fools of themselves, and were too ashamed to look one another in the face.

The officer, by vigorously rapping his club against the pavement, summoned a couple of others to his assistance.

Then the Devastators were disarmed, and the party got under way.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A TRIP TO A DUNGEON CELL.

FOLLOWED by a crowd of men, women and children, and jeered and hooted at by a regiment of small boys, the Devastators were dragged off to the station-house.

Their struggles and protestations were alike of no avail.

"Base minion of a hateful tyranny, you shall smart for this outrage," said Sim, loftily, as he was propelled with no gentle hand up the station-house steps and pushed roughly through the door-way.

"Begorra, it's yerself that'll put in a month on the island, at the laste," responded the officer, as he ranged his captives before the desk.

"What's this, Monahan?" inquired the sergeant on duty, looking at our heroes with astonishment at their queer rig.

"Sure it's the quare lot intirely, sergeant. What they are I dunno."

"You know what you arrested them for, don't you?"

"I do that."

"Well, what's the charge?"

"This young spalpeen was a murtherin' Mister Sawmiller's wooden Injin that he had forninst the door of his saygar stoore. He had it down on the walk and was batterin' it to bits wid an old hatchet."

"And the other two?"

"The pug-nosed wan was a-helpin' him, and the other wan—oh, he's the young villain intirely—he was balin' ould Sawmiller when he thried to save the Injin."

"Who makes the charge?"

"The ould man 'll be here in a minute; he only stopped to put a bit of beefsteak on his eye."

"What is your name?" said the sergeant, addressing Sim.

"My name?"

"Yes, your name."

"What do you want to know for?"

"You'll find out mighty soon what I want to know for," responded the irate officer. "Tell me your name at once!"

"Oh, I'm not ashamed of it," said Sim; "but I'm not anxious to enlarge the circle of my acquaintances. I haven't asked for yours."

"Look here, young fellow, I don't want any of your cheek. Just answer my questions without any more words, or I'll put the darbies on you."

"How can I answer your questions without any more words?"

"Just answer 'em as I ask them, that's all."

"Why didn't you say so before? Fire away, I'm ready."

"Well, what is your name?"

"Be careful to spell it right, or I'll sue for damages."

"Well, if you ain't the cheekiest young rascal I've seen in a month of Sundays. We'll take some of that brass out of you, young man, before you're a week older."

"What is it you want, any way?"

"Your name."

"Is that all? You can just write down Mr. Simeon Walsingham Pugsley, Esquire, of Suckerville, Connecticut."

"Oh, you come from Suckerville, do you?"

"We do."

"And what do you call yourself?" continued the sergeant, turning to Hack.

"I am usually addressed as Captain Hackaliah Snick."

"And you?" added the officer, looking at Gid.

"Gideon Goble."

"Simeon Walsingham Pugsley, Hackaliah Snick and Gideon Goble," repeated the sergeant, writing the names on the blotter. "Well, if that ain't a nice set of rog-no-mens, I'm a Dutchman."

"They are rather high-toned," replied Sim; "you never heard anything like them before, I suppose?"

"No, and I don't want to again. It makes my jaws ache to think of 'em."

"You do most of your thinking with your jaws, don't you?" said Hackaliah.

"You hold your tongue," returned the sergeant. "Perhaps you'd like to handcuff it."

"You'll find out before long." And addressing Sim, the sergeant went on: "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, we're just traveling for pleasure, that's all."

"You look like it. Where are you going?"

"We don't know exactly."

"Don't you? Well, I do. You're going right into them cells. You're goin' to be locked up."

"Do you mean to say that you are going to incarcerate us in a dungeon?"

"I'm going to put you in the jug."

"May I ask for what?"

"For disorderly conduct, and assault and battery, of course."

"Who dares make such an atrocious charge?"

"Oh, bedad, it's mesilf that'll make it, if the Dutchman don't," broke in Officer Monahan; "but here he comes this blessed minute."

And as he spoke a short, fat German, with a bandage over one eye, and his shiny bald head steaming with perspiration, waddled into the room.

He looked and smelled like an animated beer-keg. The very flies which lighted on him dropped to the floor dead drunk.

"Here's Sawmuller, sarzint," said the policeman, as he stepped up to the desk; "sure he can tell yez all about the ruction thim young divils raised, so he can."

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, briskly, "you wish to make a complaint against these prisoners?"

"Py Shimminy! I should dink so. I neier see such a ding like dot since I peen in de peesness."

"What did they do?"

"Well, I was sittin' py mine shop smokin' mine pipe, und dem vellers come py, und dot tall, skinny one he make a yell out of him like a steam engines, und he gommence to shoot mit a gun, und jump py dot wooden vigure dot I got, und, Shimminy Pelis, he chop it all to leedle pits mit a hatchet. Dot vigure cost me more as dwendy-five toilar, und was painted peautiful mit red und green und plue."

"Is that all they did?"

"Ish dot all? Py gracious, I dink dot was bienty, don't it? But when I go to save mine vigure, dot one he bang my eye und tear my clothes und roll me apout on der sidewalk ahout like I vas a beer-keg."

"You look like one, anyway," said Hack, grinning.

"It's petter dot you shut your mouth up," retorted the indignant Mr. Sawmuller. "Look at dot eye."

And he pulled off the bandage and disclosed a highly colored optic.

"Looks like a lighthouse in a fog," remarked Gid.

"Wonder how he got it?" said Sim.

"Sidewalk flew up and hit him, perhaps."

"Or maybe he slid down and stepped on it."

"Yes, or tumbled over himself."

He looks awkward enough for anything."

"Sergeant," cried Mr. Sawmuller, getting as red as a boiled lobster, "I make a charge of disorderly, und assault py battery, und pracking my Indian, und placking dot eye, und addempted murder, und everydings——"

"Hold on," interrupted the sergeant; "I guess one of them charges will be enough to hold 'em on, and you can settle the rest of it in court to-morrow. Here, Tom, take 'em down."

Tom, who was the doorman in charge of the dungeons beneath the castle most, led the Devastators away, unresisting, and shoved them into a cell.

"If you happen to want anything in the course of the night, my Jack-a-Dandies," remarked the doorman, as he rattled his key in the lock, "just call for it, you know."

"Yes, sir," responded Gid.

"And you'll be mighty certain not to get it."

And he went away laughing at his joke in a way that reminded his listeners very forcibly of their late acquaintance, Teddy, the donkey zebra.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LETTER FROM SUCKERVILLE.

IT was in no pleasant frame of mind that the prisoners listened to his receding steps. For the first time in their lives they were locked up, and even the society of a rude jailer was company they hated to part with.

But they had to, all the same.

The iron-grated inner door was shut with a loud clang, and they were left to their reflections.

"Well, of all the darned fools I ever heard of, Sim Pugsley, you're the worst," said Hackaliah, as soon as they were alone.

"He's a regular pudding-head," added Gid Goble.

"What's the matter with you now?" asked Sim, sulkily.

"Matter enough, I should think, to be locked up this way, and perhaps we won't catch it to-morrow, either."

"Well, it isn't my fault."

"Oh, no, I suppose not. You didn't go and pitch into that blamed old wooden Indian and get us into this scrape."

"Maybe I'll get you out of it, too."

"Well, you'd better, unless you want your hide tanned off."

"Oh, you're going to tan me, I suppose."

"It won't be necessary."

"Why not?"

"Because there's a man up in Suckerville who's just aching for the job."

"You mean my father?" said Sim.

"I just do."

"Why, you don't think they'll send us back there?"

"If they don't I'll lose my guess."

"Great snakes! If dad ever gets his claws on me he won't leave me a bit of skin as big as a three-cent piece."

"Of course he won't."

"Well, you won't be much better off, anyway, that's one comfort."

"I'll be walloped three times a day for a month."

"And Gid won't be left out, either," added Sim.

"Not much," replied Gid, ruefully. "I'll get shingled, to a dead certainty."

"Shingled?"

"Yes, siree."

"What on earth's that?"

"Didn't your dad ever shingle you?"

"No."

"Well, if he ever does you'll get all the information you want, and a great sight more, I reckon."

"Does your dad lick you with a shingle?"

"Don't be, though?"

"Does it hurt much?"

"You just try it once, that's all. I can feel it now." And Gid groaned in a way that spoke volumes for the treatment in store for him.

"Mine uses a cowhide."

"And mine's got a great big black-snake whip."

"That must be a stinger."

"You'd think so if you got it once."

And Hackaliah writhed, as if he already felt the dreadful implement descending upon him.

The Mystic Three shivered, in anticipation, and looked at one another gloomily.

"What are we going to do?" asked Sim, after a pause.

"You'd better think up one of those wonderful plans that you're always blowing about," said Hack, "and find some way to get out of this fix."

"And suppose I can't think of any way?"

"Then we're done for."

"Regularly swamped," added Gid.

"We'll have to trust to luck, I guess," said Sim; "anyway, I'm going to sleep."

And he stretched himself on the bench, which was the only thing in the cell that looked like a bed, and proceeded to make himself comfortable.

"May I inquire, Mr. Pugsley, where you expect Gid and I are to sleep?" demanded Hackaliah.

"You'd better turn in on the floor."

And as there really seemed to be no other solution of the problem, and they were very tired, Hackaliah and Gid laid down on the hard floor, and were soon asleep.

The next morning they were roused by the doorman at an early hour, and, in charge of Mr. Monahan, conducted to the nearest police court.

Mr. Monahan was in a very bad humor.

"Bad luck to yez," he muttered, as they walked along; "it's a burnin' shame, so it is, that I should lose the half of me day off a-waitin' on a set of young spalpeens that are no good in the worruld at all, at all!"

"What will they do with us?" inquired Sim.

"Sorra a one o' me knows," replied Mr. Monahan. "If his honor's in a good humor maybe it's not more than a couple of years at the stone-breakin' he'll give yez."

"A couple of years?"

"Two or three, ye know. But if his brequest don't sit aisy on his stomach, thin I wouldn't be in yer shoes for a thrifle."

"Why not?"

"Bekase whol, me pore byes, he'll thry yes for felonious perjury, as like as not."

"Sakes of mercy!"

"Faith, it's sand mercy yez 'll get, I'm afeared."

The Mystic Three walked on in silent gloom, while Mr. Monahan beguiled the way with pleasant little anecdotes of his honor's loudness for severe sentences.

On reaching the court-room the three captives were put in the prisoners' box, and left to await their turn.

They found themselves in the company of about a dozen of the toughest-looking tramps they had ever seen. These were the "drunk and disorderlies" of the previous night.

The Mystic Three shrank into a corner without heeding the jeering remarks freely passed upon them by their fellow-prisoners, and waited.

One after another the tramps were summoned forth, and after being offered the alternative of "ten dollars or ten days," were marched off to the prison adjoining the court-room.

At length came the turn of the Devastators, and they soon found themselves ranged at the bar.

Mr. Monahan was on hand, ready and anxious to give his testimony against them.

They looked around for Mr. Sawmuller, but he was not to be seen. Although several times summoned by the clerk, he did not appear.

The judge at length bade the officer tell his story, and Mr. Monahan repeated the dreadful tale.

His honor looked at the Mystic Three with much interest.

Their queer attire, and the peculiarity of their general appearance, excited his curiosity, as it had already done that of every person in the crowded court-room.

"Which is Pugsley?" he demanded.

"That's me," responded Sim, proudly, stepping forward.

"Why did you attack the wooden Indian?"

"I never did like Indians, and this one was an awful ugly one, at that."

"Did you think it was a real Indian?"

"He was just going to knock a man's brains out, anyway, when I went for him."

The judge was puzzled.

He turned to Mr. Monahan.

"Officer, were these prisoners drunk when you arrested them?"

"No, sor, yer honor; I don't think they were; but they were raisin' the divel's own row."

"Where do you come from, young man?" asked the judge, addressing Sim.

"Suckerville, Connecticut."

"And your companions?"

"They belong there, too."

"Where were you going?"

"Out West, on the plains."

"To fight Indians, I suppose?"

"Well, we were, just."

"I expect you ran away from home?"

"No, we didn't, we walked."

"What is your father's name?"

"Aaron Pugsley."

"Very well; I shall commit you until he can be heard from," and with a nod to one of the court-officers, his honor told the clerk to call the next case.

The Mystic Three were taken into the prison and once more consigned to a cell.

They spent three days in dreadful anticipation of the indignant parents, and dreamed every night of being thrashed into three several jellies.

On the fourth morning they were again summoned into court. They went with a lively expectation of assisting at a family reunion of the most unpleasant character.

To their surprise, the expected Suckerville delegation were not visible.

"I have communicated with your parents," said the judge, "and this is their reply."

And he produced a dingy-looking sheet of blue paper, and read:

"SUCKERVILLE, Conn., Sept. 12th, 1879.

"*To his honor the honabul gupe, New York:*

"DERE SIR—I now take the libarty of a-takin' my pen in hand to write you these fue lines, informing

you that I got your letor about my boy Simeon. I also showd the letur to Decon Snick and Cap'n Goble. We hev talked the matter over, and are unanimously of opinion that if them young sarpints wants to go West they kin go. 'Twon't be no great loss if they don't never come back, but if they do, they may expect a warm receppshun. Decon Snick hez been practicing with his old black snaik fur more'n a week, and he says he'll make that boy of his hum when he gets hold of him. I've gust bought a new cowhide fur Sim's special benefit, and I see old Cap'n Goble yesterday a-trimmin' a hickory gad about ten feet long, so you see we are putty well ready for 'em. I reckon they'll come home when they git hungry enough, and you kin tell 'em thet their supper 'll be ready for 'em, and hot at thet. Decon Snick and Cap'n Goble jine me up signin' this letur, which we hoap you'll hev read to them young imps, so a't they'll kno what to ixpect.

"Respectably yours,

"AARON PUGSLEY.
"DECON EFTENTAS SNICK.
"CAP'N SETH GOBLE."

This interesting epistle was listened to by our heroes with mixed feelings of delight and disgust.

Delight at the prospect of escaping for the present the trouncing they had expected.

Disgust when they thought of what they might get in the end.

The judge gave them a little good advice, which was unheeded, as good advice usually is, and then told them that they were discharged.

They rushed from the court-room without even stopping to thank him, and casting a glance of mutual defiance at Mr. Monahan as they passed him at the entrance, made off up the street.

"Fellows!" said Sim, solemnly, "let us swear never to go home."

"You'll never catch me within forty miles of Suckerville, if I know myself, and I think I do," replied Hack.

"No hickory gad for me," added Gid; "shingling's bad enough, but that would be worse."

And, shaking hands on their new compact, the Mystic Three resumed their wanderings.

[To be continued.]

"The Mystic Three" was commenced in No. 671.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A CHILD.

SOME occurrences in real life resemble the climax of a bad dream. The bystanders who witnessed the following narrow escape, related by a French paper, must have felt extremely anxious to awake: A child of five and a half years of age was playing at one of the windows of a house in the Rue de la Trappe, when it leaned too far out and fell. The mother darted to the window in agony, and saw her child hanging by its pinafore to an iron hook fastened to the half-opened shutter of a window on a lower story. In spite of the entreaties of a neighbor, the unhappy mother stood gasping for breath, her hands clutching the window-sill, and her whole appearance a model for a statue of despair. Suddenly, a voice cried: "Make haste, his pina'ore is tearing." The mother fainted, but the door had now been broken in, and the porter drew the shutter gently inward, and thus, at length, succeeded in placing the child safe and sound on the floor of the room.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A CHILD.

A SAVAGE SEA-LION.

AS a Mexican Indian named Sacramentus was crossing Tomales Bay at Marshall, one day recently, the boat was attacked by a large sea-lion. The animal seized the gunwale of the boat at first, but finding that did not appease his hunger, attempted to board it. Sacramentus, having a hatchet for defense, dealt the lion a heavy blow on the head. Not satisfied with this, the monster came again to the boat with renewed fury. Two blows on the head crushed the skull, and he gave up the contest and was towed ashore. The fisherman judged him to weigh about 1,200 pounds.

A SAVAGE SEA-LION.

PUPS BEFORE BABIES.

WHILE the great fire was raging at Virginia City an incident occurred that illustrates the absence of mind that often prevails during such periods of intense excitement. A woman, the mother of several children, and the proprietress of a healthy litter of bull-pups, hailed a Truckee man and requested him to assist her in carrying a washtub, in which she had the pups tenderly packed. She had left her children in the house.

PUPS BEFORE BABIES.

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES. ITS ORGANIZATION.

[Continued.

ALL ships-of-war are guided in their manœuvres and exercises by the Flagship, the Admiral's vessel, or by the ship of the Senior Officer present. The "bells," or "hours," are also struck at the same time. Every half hour the Orderly, at the cabin-door, reports the number of bells to the Quartermaster, who, during the day, orders the messenger boy to "strike them," and at night does so himself. If any particular duty is to be performed, at stated times, he reports the half hours to the Officer of the Deck, who in turn sends an Officer or Orderly to report eight bells to the Commanding Officer. The eight bells reported are eight o'clock in the morning, noon, and eight o'clock at night; at that time the Master-at-Arms sees all fires and birth-deck mess lights put out; this is also reported to the Captain, after "Gun-fire," or the "Retreat," in port, and until the liveville, every half-hour the Sentries sing out the "All's well," when the bell is struck. At sea the "Lookout," after dark, and until daylight, pass the word according to their stations, "Starboard cat-head!" "Port cat-head!" "Starboard gangway!" "Port gangway!" This is to notify the Officer of the Deck that the "Lookouts" are on the alert. I remember the first time a Dutch sentry was stationed on the forecastle of the *Levant*. He had forgotten the Sergeant's instructions, and at the striking of the bell yelled, in a stentorian voice, "All's goote!"

At all times of night and day a man is seen walking the poop-deck with a spyglass under his arm, which he frequently applies to his right eye, scans the landing and approaches to the ship, and now and then goes forward and to the Officer of the Deck, touches his cap and makes a report. He is the Quartermaster of the Watch; his duty is to watch for and report every boat coming to the ship, and the rank of the officer therein, so that they can be received according to the honors of their rank. The Quartermaster keeps a bright look-out on the Flagship, and immediatly reports any signals she may make. The answering pennant is made up and at hand, ready to be rounded up, when the Officer of the Deck has read and reported the signal to the Commanding Officer. The Quartermasters form the "Signal Corps" of the ship. They should know the number of signals by heart, and also understand the "Wiggle Way," or "Army Code."

The crew, and particularly the boys, are taught the "Code" and are used as Signal Boys. The "Army Code" in use during the war is claimed as the invention of an officer, yet over thirty years ago, while at Havana and at Cadiz, at the Opera House, I observed the Spanish ladies conversing with their fans; the working of the signals being the same as that with the flag. I was with a lady who delivered to me several messages sent by a friend on the opposite side of the house. As I expressed a suspicion that it was an understood arrangement between them, she bade me proceed to her friend, who would repeat to her all I would say; it did so, complimenting her highly. She blushed and worked her fan, ordering me to return. She repeated word for word my message.

One of the *tabooed* parts of the vessel, or space where no one save the Officers, Master-at-Arms, Sergeants, Corporals and Sentries are permitted is the *Brig*, or where the sailors are confined with or without irons; it is where they undergo punishment for crimes or offenses conflicting with the articles of war and regulations. There, at all hours, the Sentry paces up and down, and is regularly relieved. The prisoners are intrusted to the care of the Master-at-Arms, who is responsible for them, and is punished in the prisoner's stead if he escapes.

Offenders are punished according to sentence by a "General" or "Summary" Court-martial; nevertheless, the Commanding Officer has power to inflict the following: Solitary confinement, not to exceed five days, on bread-and-water; solitary confinement, seven days or less, full rations; confinement, ten days or less, full rations; also double irons; reduction of rating established by himself; deprivation of liberty on shore; extra duties. Other minor punishments, such as fewer days of confinement, can be inflicted.

Cleanliness and discipline must be maintained on board of men-of-war. Wherever whitewash can be used it is, or should be, applied. This brings to mind an anecdote which came near resulting in the dismissal of a Midshipman. Captain P—— was inspecting the berth-deck of the frigate *Constitution*. He found fault with the precincts of the galley; the Midshipman received a hazing, which was terminated by an order that everything should receive a double coat of whitewash. "Everything, sir?" inquired the Middy. "Yes, sir, everything." The next morning the Captain's favorite milch goat stalked into the cabin, whitewashed all over, with not a single hair of its jet-black coat to be seen.

Once a month the "articles of war" are read to the officers and crew, and then follows a "general muster" *of all hands*.

The observance of the *salutes*, and a strict adherence thereto, according to the "Regulations," has an excellent effect on the discipline. Subordinate Officers, passing their superiors, should always touch their caps to them; they salute the rank, not the individual. This they should bear in mind.

The President is entitled to a salute of 21 guns, besides other ceremonies; the Vice-President, 19 guns; the Secretary of the Navy, 19 guns; Members of Cabinet, Justices of the Supreme Court, Governors, 17 guns; Admiral, 17 guns; Vice-Admiral, 15 guns; Rear-Admiral, 13 guns; Commodore, 11 guns.

Return Salutes.—Captains, 7; Commanders, 5. Regt Salutes.

To an Admiral; to Vice-Admiral; to Rear-Admiral; to Commodore.

If these officers are passed by boats having Commanding Officers aboard, the latter will "lay on their oars," and salute by raising their caps. If under sail they will "let fly" the sheets. Officers of less rank passing the officers entitled to flags will "toss oars" or "lower their sails."

Officers passing Commanding Officers will "lay on their oars," or, "let fly the sheets."

[To be continued.]

Students in China.

STUDENTS do not seem to behave much better in China than they do (sometimes) in our own happy and favored land. At Nanking, lately, the Prefect had the audacity to issue a proclamation, the purport of which was that the Manichoo students were constantly misbehaving themselves. The consequence of this was that at the next recitation there was a regular shindy between the Manichoo candidates and some of their rivals. Brickbats flew freely about, and one unfortunate youth had his front teeth knocked out. Then there was a regular hailstorm of bricks; fractured heads became numerous; and the police interposed to stop the exercises. It appears that young men will be young men the world over; but the necessary connection between intellectual cultivation and bad behavior has thus far been practically rather than philosophically demonstrated.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER XLV.

[Continued from page 205.]

SWAGS caught an imaginary fly, and entering a little more into the spirit of the scene, held his hand to his ear as if to listen to its buzzing; then looking at the audience, he said, blankly:

"It's a blue-bottle; such a whopper; just escaped from the house-pot."

There was another roar from the spectators.

Even Doctor Waddle relaxed from his usual sternness and joined in.

As for Puckle and the scholars, they were almost in convulsions.

"Now, then—rally!" cried the Diddler.

Swags found himself suddenly seized by the pantaloon on one side and the harlequin on the other, and whirled round at a rapid pace.

"Oh, I can't stand it; I'm getting giddy!" he exclaimed, breathlessly. "I shall be down; oh!"

"Can't help it!" cried the Diddler, as the rally ceased; "strike attitude—turn in feet—look stupid!"

Swags looked stupid enough, and made an effort at the attitude, but his brain reeled, and the only thing he managed to strike was his head against the wing, which floored him.

But the audience took it all in good part, and applauded to the echo as the scene closed in.

Every one thought the fat clown must have knocked his brains out, but on going to pick him up, he was discovered to be fast asleep.

For this temporary unconsciousness he was quickly roused by the Diddler, who gave him several digs with his stick.

"Ain't it over yet?" asked Swags, dolefully, as he opened his eyes and yawned.

"Over? No, certainly not; only just begun," replied the Diddler.

"Oh, dear, I wish it was," moaned the fat youth. "I shall never live through this."

But he had little time to wish.

His comrade hauled him on to the stage again, but there was no peace for him there.

Butcher and bakers' boys, policemen, nursemaids, fishmongers and all kinds of pantomimic characters entering in rapid succession, so bewildered and perplexed him that he scarcely knew whether he stood on his head or his heels.

He found, to his great chagrin, that the nicely-browned roast fowls, sucking-pigs, the rich plum-cake, and the lovely-looking tarts were merely painted and varnished impostures, and that there was no eating to be got out of any of them.

Even the bloaters were no more real than the rest, and Swags began to feel thoroughly disgusted.

The pangs of hunger, too, were coming on again, and as these increased he grew intensely wretched.

It was just then a man entered with a sausage-can.

Swags's hopes revived.

"Saveloys all hot," cried the man; "fine juicy saveloys."

"I'll buy sev'ry one of 'em!" said Swags, eagerly.

"Nobody shall have even a smell at them."

"Bravvo, Spitsides!" shouted the audience, as the man places a tray upon the stage and exits with his can.

"There can be no deception here," thinks Swags, as he squats down upon the ground for a feast.

But, alas! there is.

The saveloys are not hot, but cold.

Neither are they juicy, but simply dry canvas-bags, stuffed with, and smelling strongly of sawdust.

This was too much for Swags, and giving it up in despair he fell back upon the stage, and, wearied with his unusual exertions, was fast asleep in an instant.

The audience waited, expecting some new piece of facetiousness to follow.

But when, after some time, none was forthcoming, a few voices cried:

"Now, then, Spitsides, wake up."

"He's asleep," called out some others.

"He's drunk," shouted the rest.

The manager came rushing to the wing.

"Good gracious, he's asleep," he cried. "Take him off, somebody!"

The Diddler, who had been into the dressing-room to refasten his headdress, which had come unfixed, returned at that moment.

"Don't touch him," he said; "I'll wake him up immediately."

The pointed stick went vigorously to work, and Swags, howling lustily, dragged himself to his feet.

But there was no stirring him up to any further exertion.

In vain the Diddler applied the nail to all parts of his body.

Swags wouldn't turn his toes in, he wouldn't make any more faces.

He wouldn't even catch a fly.

The audience were beginning to evince signs of disapprobation, and a few hisses were heard.

"I shall be ruined!" cried the distracted Jinks, at the wing. "A pretty clown you're brought me!" he growled to the Diddler.

But a brilliant thought had just entered the fertile brain of the latter.

"Get all right in an instant," he said, and approaching Swags, he said to him, "Joey, fond of ginger-nuts?"

"Ain't I," Swags replied, pricking up his ears.

"How many could you eat?"

"A sackful if I'd got 'em," returned the fat youth, rousing himself: "where are they?"

"They're coming," cried the Diddler, as he hobbled off to the wing, and whispered a few words to the manager.

"Must be got," he said; "whole sackful; only thing to save the pantomime."

With this he hobbled on again.

"I say, old man, are the gingerbread nuts come yet?" asked Swags, who was now wide awake and smacking his lips in a way that set the audience once more in a good humor.

"They'll be here in a minute," replied the Diddler, keeping up his character. "You'd better sit down, Joey; you'll be tired before you've emptied the sack."

Down sat the fat boy.

The Diddler, however, had taken care to place him just in front of a small trap.

"Oh, ain't I dreadful peckish," he exclaimed, pressing his hands on his stomach, and making a genuine grimace that set the entire house in a roar.

"Here's the nuts!" cried the pantaloon, as two men entered, carrying a sack, which they placed by the side of Swags.

This being done, the Diddler commenced feeding his hungry comrade.

Swags was in splendid appetite, and devoured the gingerbread nuts with such wonderful rapidity that the audience were electrified.

They did not notice that the Diddler threw the principal portion over the clown's shoulder, instead of into his mouth, which went down the trap.

In an inconceivably short space of time the large sack was empty.

The great Spitsides had, in sight of the audience, performed the extraordinary feat of eating a whole sackful of gingerbread nuts.

The spectators shouted their admiration.

The last scene opened, the red fire was lighted, and the characters formed a grand *tableau*, with Swags in the middle.

The applause was tremendous, but the fat boy was asleep again.

But this mattered little. The end was gained; the pantomime had been a great success.

When the audience departed to their homes, nothing was talked of but the fine man who turned suddenly yellow, and the clown who ate a sackful of gingerbread nuts in five minutes.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. PARROT DETERMINES TO GIVE A BIRTHDAY FETE—IS ANNOYED BY AN AFFECTIONATE SPINSTER—THE DIDDLER'S ARTFUL LITTLE DODGE—THE WASPS' NEST.

THE half-holiday was sultry and hot, and the boys sat beneath the branches of a spreading elm in the shade.

"I say!" exclaimed Young Pickwick, suddenly, as he pointed to a hole near the roots of the tree; "look there!"

Every one looked.

Several winged insects were hovering round the hole. Some went in and some went out.

"It's a wasps' nest; I'm sure it is," said Sam, after a moment.

"No doubt of it," answered the Diddler; "interesting creatures, wasps—very—striped black and yellow bodies—narrow waists—splendid sting!"

"But they sting sometimes, don't they?" asked Swags, apprehensively.

"Very often—principal feature in their character," the Diddler replied; "particularly partial to fat youths."

This was quite enough for Swags, who scrambled up and hurried away, so did all the rest.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to drop half a pound of gunpowder into the hole, and blow up the whole stinging community, would it?" said Dick Sandiff, suggestively, as soon as they were out of danger.

"Idea capital—truly philanthropic," returned the Diddler; "draw lots who goes for powder."

This was done, and the lot fell to Bob Fairfit.

"Don't forget tape for slow match," called the Diddler, after him, as he walked away.

"All right, I won't," cried Bob.

He was scarcely out of sight when footsteps and voices attracted their attention.

Peeping through the hedge they perceived Messrs. Parrot and Miffins walking together, side by side.

Suddenly the former came to a stop, and turning to his companion, said, impressively:

"Miffins, what do you think next Wednesday week is?"

"Blest if I know," Miffins responded.

"Well, then, it's my birthday."

"Lor' bless me! is it, though?"

"Yes; I shall be exactly fifty years old come next Wednesday week; and it has just struck me that when a man reaches half a century he ought to commemorate such an important event."

"Certainly he ought," exclaimed Miffins. "He ought to invite all his friends, an' give 'em a jolly good feed."

"So I will," said Mr. Parrot; "and I'll give a grand *fete* in the grounds besides, with all kinds of amusements—swings, merry-go-rounds and—a—Aunt Sallys. Then, I'll have a brass band to make everything cheerful and lively, and conclude with a grand display of fireworks."

"That'll be just-rate," said Miffins, in a tone of approval; "it'll be very jolly, indeed."

He extended his arm along the road to where in the distance a female figure appeared walking briskly along.

Miss Susan Mangle was a spinster on the shady side of forty, very old-fashioned, very tartly-tongued at times, and particularly scraggy, with sharp eyes and a sharp nose, which bloomed perpetually at the tip.

Her attire was as ancient-looking as herself, consisting of a long straight dress with a flounce at the bottom, and a coal-scuttle bonnet.

"Well, she is a hobject!" exclaimed Miffins.

"He, he! lovely creature!" grinned the Diddler, who was also watching from behind the hedge with the rest.

The fair Susan pretended not to see Parrot until she was almost close to him.

"Oh, Mr. Parrot, is it really you?" she exclaimed.

"Ye-es, it's me."

"So it is," continued Miss Mangle; "to think now that we should meet in this way. It's quite an agreeable surprise. Friend of yours?" she added, as she looked at Miffins.

"Ye-es, my friend Miffins. Mr. Miffins, Miss Susan Mangle," said Mr. Parrot.

"Upes ye're pretty well, mum," said Miffins, in surprise.

The spinster did not pay much attention to him, but clutching Mr. Parrot's arm, she continued in a gushing manner:

"Now that fate has decreed that we should meet, we will wander through the fertile meads and verdant fields, where daisies rear their pretty heads."

And without pausing she commenced harrying her visitor along.

The boys behind the hedge had been much amused at what they had seen and heard, the Diddler especially.

One part of the conversation had fastened upon him, that being the *fete* which Mr. Parrot intended giving on his birthday.

"Come on then," cried the Diddler; "cross field—lay train—fizz—bang—wasps blown to smithereens."

Over the hedge they sprang and ran forward at the top of their speed till they reached the scene of action.

The Diddler then, by means of the tape and gunpowder, prepared a fuse, one end of which he inserted into a corner of the paper packet containing the explosive compound.

"Now then, who's to drop it in the hole?" said young Pickwick.

"I will," returned the Diddler.

A few wasps were buzzing drowsily round the hole.

But nothing daunted, the knowing one quietly approached and performed the delicate operation.

This done, he carried the tape round the trunk of tree, so that it could be lighted from behind, after which he returned with his comrades to a little distance, and they sat under a hedge waiting till the startled wasps had settled down again.

They had not been long there when Tinkle suddenly exclaimed:

"Here's old Eat-my-wig and the Mangle coming."

Every one looked out to where, in the distance, Mr. Parrot and the fair Susan were sauntering along.

"I say," said young Pickwick, "they'll see us if we stop here."

"Yes, mustn't do that," replied the Diddler; "keep out of sight—ditch handy—very thing—in we go."

And in they went helter-skelter.

The ditch was dry, and afforded a very convenient hiding-place, where they could see and hear everything that transpired without their presence being suspected.

Onward came the unconscious couple, till they reached the ditch where the "well behaved young gentlemen" were lying, and there they stopped.

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.—THE U. S. SHIP "PORTSMOUTH" AND THE U. S. STEAM SLOOP "WYOMING."

"Very!" echoed Mr. Parrot; "that is, it——"

"If wot?" asked Miffins.

"If I'm permitted," replied Mr. Parrot.

"What d'ye mean?" Miffins inquired.

Old Eat-my-wig cast his eyes around him, as if to be quite sure no listener were near.

Not being able to see through the hedge he felt himself safe, and approaching his companion, he said, seriously:

"I don't mind telling you, Miffins, but there's a female in this neighborhood that honors me with a great deal more attention than is agreeable."

"Oh!" Miffins ejaculated.

"She calls upon me when I'm at home," continued Mr. Parrot; "and waylays me when I go out, and I really don't know how to get rid of her."

"I s'pose she's took a fancy to yer," grinned Miffins.

"Well, I—a—suppose it must be something of that sort," returned the other, ruefully; "but it's a dreadful nuisance."

"Must be; is she young?"

"She might be younger."

"Pretty?"

Old Eat-my-wig made a wry face and shook his head. "Um! I see; old an' hugly."

Mr. Parrot did not contradict this assertion.

"Wot's her name?" continued Miffins.

"Miss Susan Mangle."

Miffins burst into a hoarse laugh.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he cried; "Miss Soosan Mangle! that's an orful name, that is."

"Don't laugh," replied Mr. Parrot; "but tell me what would you do if you were in my position?"

"I'll tell you what I should do; I should smash her," returned the brutal Miffins.

"Oh, no, no; that would be rather too violent a measure," returned Mr. Parrot; "but still I must say——"

He broke off suddenly.

"Here she comes!" he cried; "eat my wig if she doesn't!"

"Go to *fete*," he said to his comrades, his eyes twinkling eagerly; "must—all of us—thing settled—feed—fireworks—jolly lark with the old boy and old gal!"

"We're sure not to be invited," said Dick Sandiff.

"No, that's certain," assented young Pickwick.

"Why not?" inquired the Diddler.

"Because old Eat-my-wig can't bear the sight of us."

But the Diddler would not admit the obstacle.

"Change his mind—make him like us—treat him great respect—take off hats when we meet—flatter Susan—precious old fright—but no matter—call her angel, and so on—say we all love her."

The boys laughed.

"She's a rum sort of angel," grinned Pickwick.

"Rum old gal," admitted the Diddler; "but come on, boys—no time to lose—make hay while sun shines."

As he spoke he began to move hastily away, and the others followed.

They hurried across the field, making a short cut, which brought them in a few moments into the road, where they stopped for a moment and fell into rank—two abreast.

They could see Mr. Parrot coming along in the distance, with Miss Mangle hanging lovingly on his arm.

"Now, then," said the Diddler, who had instructed them in their parts, "don't forget—do as I do—success certain, dear boys."

They walked forward in a sedate and orderly manner.

Old Eat-my-wig caught sight of them, and a feeling of intense horror seized him.

"Oh, dear, dear!" he muttered to himself; "here are those dreadful boys of Waddle coming, and that awful Diddler at their head. They'll be up to their tricks, and I shall be chaffed to death."

The worst of it was there was no getting away. If he had been alone, he might have escaped by getting over the hedge, but with a Mangle tacked to him that was impossible.

And so nerving himself for the encounter, he held up his head boldly, as though he was rather proud of the lovely damsel in the cool-seattle bonnet, and strode forward to meet these dreadful boys.

But, strange to say, their behavior had undergone an entire change.

As they approached there was no laughter, no unseemly mirth; not the slightest titter, not even the vestige of a smile.

They walked along in an orderly and precise manner, two and two, as good boys ought to walk.

Such a thing had never been known before, and Eat-my-wig was naturally astounded.

But this was not all.

As they passed, the awful Diddler, whose eyes had been modestly fixed on the ground, looked up and respectfully raised his hat.

"Good-day, sir; good-day, miss," he said, as he bowed first to one and then to the other.

"Good-day, sir; good-day, miss," said the rest, imitating their leader exactly.

"Good-day, young gentlemen," gasped Mr. Parrot, almost doubting his own senses.

"Charming creature—lovely angel—very," came floating back upon the air as the boys went by, tickling the ears of the fair Susan, who fluttered and smiled, and tried to blush.

"What extremely well-behaved youths," she said to her companion; "especially the tall one that walked first—such expressive eyes!"

It was the Diddler she meant, who had recently gone in for a new suit, and presented an unusually respectable appearance.

Being anything but a bad-looking fellow, the susceptible Susan was quite smitten by the glance he had given her from his swivel eye, and his complimentary ejaculations, which he took care she should hear. So impressed was she that she could not help throwing a longing glance over her shoulder after him.

There stood the "tall one" in the road, with his hands clasped in a statuesque attitude of intense admiration, gazing evidently at her.

As soon as he perceived her looking at him, he laid his hand upon his breast, raised his hat and bowed.

Miss Mangle was delighted.

"Charming youth!" she gurgled, inwardly, waving her green parasol in return, and violently excoriating Mr. Parrot's left ear with the sharp points of the ribs as she executed this manœuvre.

"Oh!" roared Mr. Parrot, as he swung himself round; "what are you about?"

"Nothing, James, dear!" was the mellifluous reply.

Eat-my-wig looked out with all his eyes.

But the Diddler had joined the rank and file again, which was progressing in the same orderly manner as before, and presently disappeared at a turn in the road.

"Let us continue our stroll, shall we?" asked Miss Mangle, in the most insinuating of tones; "let us, dearest James, seek the pleasant fields and the pretty daisies."

"Bother the pretty daisies," growled dearest James, as he followed her toward a stile.

In the meantime the well-behaved youths had come to a halt, and were roaring with laughter at their own exemplary conduct.

The Diddler joined in heartily.

"Thing done," he said, exultingly; "great success—ancient female smitten."

"Do you really think old Eat-my-wig will invite us to the *fete*?" inquired the boys.

"Sure to—can't help himself—first step taken, rest follow—all serene."

At this juncture Bob Fairfit came in sight.

In a few seconds he had joined his companions.

"Got the powder?" they asked.

In reply Bob held up the packet.

"And the tape?"

"Here it is."

"Oh, dear me," exclaimed Susan, languidly "the sun is very overpowering. I think the umbrageous branches of yonder spreading tree would afford us a congenial shelter from its rays."

"I dare say they would," was Mr. Parrot's reply, as he mopped his heated face with his handkerchief.

In a few moments they were seated side by side beneath the leafy boughs.

Young Pickwick popped up his head, glanced at the loving pair, and uttered an exclamation.

"What's the row?" asked the Diddler.

"Why, Eat-my-wig and the old girl are sitting under the tree close to the wasps' nest," sniggered Sam, in reply.

"Dear me," the Diddler exclaimed, after taking a peep himself; "so they are—pretty So-usan nearest to it—dangerous, very—wasps penetrating animals—sting, perhaps—better give warning."

But Dick Sandiff and young Sam dissuaded him.

"Don't do that," they said; "if they see us they'll think we've been dogging their steps."

"Ah, true—might so," admitted the Diddler.

"Very likely the wasps won't take any notice of them."

"Why not light the train, and blow 'em all to smash?" urged Tinkle, vehemently; "it's all ready."

"Wouldn't do—might blow Susan and Eat-my-wig to smash same time—no *fete* then," returned the Diddler, considerately.

This little argument was interrupted by the voice of the sentimental damsel.

"How delicious it is to be seated thus, surrounded by nature's charms, by the side of a dear friend," she exclaimed, with a languishing glance at her companion; "isn't it delic ous?"

"Oh, very," returned Mr. Parrot, who felt awfully drowsy, and stifled a yawn.

"The scene so calm and still."

"Very st-ill."

"The air so soft and balmy," continued the ancient one, as she laid her head on his shoulder.

Mr. Parrot snored loudly in response to these touching words.

He was asleep.

Miss Susan Mangle waxed very indignant.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed; "if he isn't fast asleep, and hasn't heard a word."

Her face assumed a vicious expression as her hand sought her waist, from which she drew something.

"I'll stick a pin in him and wake him," she muttered.

But ere she could carry out her benevolent intentions she experienced a sensation, as if some one had stuck a whole paper of pins in her own fair self all at once.

It was so dreadfully sharp and venomous that she uttered a piercing shriek.

"Oh! Oh, my good gracious! Oh, James! o—h—h!" she screamed, wildly, as she sprang up.

Mr. Parrot, who was dreaming about his *fete*, woke with a start at the outcry.

"Who—where—what's the matter?" he asked, as a wasp buzzed past him within an inch of his nose.

"Something's stung me! Some poisonous reptile—a snake, perhaps!" raved the fair Susan, jumping up and down in her anguish like a parched pea.

"Snake!" exclaimed Mr. Parrot, swishing his hat round excitedly; "nonsense! no snakes here!"

He stopped short and uttered a loud yell.

"Oh, Lor'! yes, there is! I'm stung myself!"

He sprang up as he spoke, and clapping his hands behind him, danced about like a wild Indian.

"Thought how it would be," said the Diddler, as he peered forth; "exasperated wasps—whole swarm out in a minute."

"What's to be done?" asked young Pickwick.

"Light train—only thing," he answered, hastily; "I'll manage it."

He was just about to creep out of the ditch, when a hoarse voice met far off checked him.

It was the voice of Miffins, who, with a broad grin on his face, was looking over the hedge watching the dancing performance of his friend and Miss Susan Mangle.

"Hallos! what little game are you up to now?" he asked, presently.

"I'm stung! poisoned!" roared Mr. Parrot.

"Poisoned!" ejaculated Miffins.

And without any more ado he sprang over the hedge into the field, and advanced toward them.

Thus gave the Diddler the opportunity to leave the ditch, and without being seen, approach the tree.

"Wot's stung yer?" inquired Miffins, as he joined his friend.

"I don't know—a viper, I think!" groaned Mr. Parrot.

"Get out wi' yer wiper," laughed Miffins, coarsely; "why don't yer say crockerdile at once while ye're about——"

He suddenly ceased speaking, and uttered a roar like a mad bull.

"Oh, hang it! I've got it, too!" he yelled.

And he joined in the frantic dance like the others. The sight was so intensely ludicrous that the spectators in the ditch lay at the bottom with their handkerchiefs stuffed in their mouths to suppress their laughter.

"I know wot it is," cried Miffins, stopping suddenly; "it's some wasps, and theer must be a nest somewhere about 'ere."

He cast his eyes around him, and presently he caught sight of the hole, around which a swarm of these insects were buzzing in a very excited manner.

"There it is!" exclaimed Miffins, as he pointed it out.

"Oh, dear me! and I was sitting close to it!" said Miss Mangle, shuddering.

"Then that's wot done it!" growled Miffins. "Ye've bin an' haggravated 'em, an' they're orful cantankerous animals when they're haggravated. But I'll settle th' warmints!"

As he spoke he picked up a large stone, and approaching the hole, he dashed it in with all his force.

"There! that'll mash a few on 'em."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when suddenly there was a bright flash of light, and a violent convulsion, that shattered the roots of the tree, from beneath which a cloud of smoke ascended, and a shower of earth and dead wasps shot up, and completely smothered Miffins, who fell on his back with a howl of terror.

The Diddler had fired the fuse, and the explosion had taken place just at the precise moment he could have wished.

"Murder! I'm' spifflicated!" roared Miffins, as he lay kicking his legs in the air. "Old Nick's under the tree!"

But nothing further appeared to indicate the presence of his satanic majesty, and at length Mr. Parrot came to his assistance and dragged him away.

Miffins was more frightened than hurt.

As to the explosion, it was not to be explained.

Mr. Parrot gave it as his opinion that it was a case of spontaneous combustion caused by the hot weather.

Miffins only growled and shook his head as he rubbed his swollen face, and declared:

"It was werry myster'us!"

And so it was, to him and his companions.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE DIDDLER HITS UPON A CLEVER PLAN, WHICH IS INVARIABLY SUCCESSFUL—THE INVITATION TO THE FETE.

MR. PARROT, having made up his mind to give a *fete*, went into the matter with great energy.

The invitations had been sent out to all his friends and acquaintances, and in every case accepted.

But there were two exceptions.

None of Doctor Waddle's pupils had been invited; neither had the amiable but scraggy Susan.

The boys were greatly disappointed, and expressed their feelings pretty strongly to the Diddlers.

The Diddler smiled in a way that quite irritated his comrades, and calmly said:

"Trust me—settle it all—right as ninepence."

And this was all the explanation they could get out of him.

Early the next morning, as Mr. Parrot was at breakfast, a message was brought to him that a gentleman wished to see him.

"Show him in!"

In a few seconds the door opened, and enter the Diddler in his best clothes, looking very clean and smart, with a splendid bouquet in his hands.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, as he bowed with great respect; "sorry to intrude—very—but heard it was your birthday—fifty years old to-day, and so on—self and friends—wish many happy returns—request acceptance—trifling present—decorate dinner-table—allow me!"

And with this he politely placed the bouquet upon the table.

Mr. Parrot was more than surprised; he was delighted.

"And old Doctor Waddle's pupils send me this?" he said, after smelling the bouquet and pricking his nose with a piece of sweetbrier.

"Yes, sir—token of respect—if you condescend to accept it—charmed—assure you."

"I accept your present with great pleasure," he said, warmly, "and am most gratified with it—most gratified.

The Diddler bowed low, and was about to retire when Mr. Parrot called him back.

"I suppose you know I give a grand *fete* to-day?" he said to him.

"Oh! Oh, my good gracious! Oh, James! o—h—h!" she screamed, wildly, as she sprang up. "Yes, sir—known everywhere—all the world talking about it," replied the Diddler, volubly.

Parrot was much gratified at hearing he had gained so much notoriety, and he said:

"By some strange omission I have not sent invitations to you and your friends, but if you feel disposed to come, I shall be most happy to see you all."

The Diddler sprang forward and grasped both his hands as he exclaimed:

"My dear sir—be most proud—assure you—if permitted."

"I'll write to Doctor Waddle and ask him," said Mr. Parrot, magnanimously.

"Sure to consent then—couldn't refuse—quite impossible," returned the flatterer, with a beaming smile.

"Very well, then; I'll send a note to him at once."

The Diddler thanked him warmly, and bowing himself out, hurried back to the school in a state of exultation. [To be continued.]

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 685.

THE JANITOR'S BOY.

A STORY OF NEW YORK.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD

CHAPTER V.

PHIL HAWKINS was as good as his word that evening, and just about the time that Vandy MacNamara set out on his eventful stroll over the room, Silo Morgan was welcoming his new friend to his hall bedroom.

It was evident at a glance that Silo had been "dressing."

He had caught Phil's eyes wandering over him on their way up, and he had been vaguely conscious that the city boy was criticising his outfit.

When Silo left his country home he had taken every way satisfied with his appearance, and so had been his widowed mother and sister, and, for all anybody knew, his uncle.

It is quite probable that his uncle never gave the matter a thought, but Silo had now given it a good deal.

"I don't believe Phil's clothes cost a cent more than mine did," he said to himself; "but then there's something about them, or about the way he puts them on. I don't exactly get at it."

He was quite correct as to the money question, and Phil Hawkins himself had been studying the other one.

"Something must be done," Phil had decided, "to take the green off him. But how'll I say it to him? I don't want to hurt his feelings."

That was kindly, on his part, but Silo himself opened the way before Phil had him in the room five minutes.

"How's that for a hat?"

"Oh, the hat's good enough. Nobody can ever object to straw. The blue band 'll do. Turnover collars are well enough, only I prefer a stand-up. But, then, that tie!"

"My necktie?" stammered Silo.

"That's it. Nobody wears a tie like that in Summer. When did you have your hair cut?"

"Just before I left home. But yours looks as if you had it cut every day."

"So I would, if I couldn't keep it mowed close any other way. Don't it make your head ache?"

"Not exactly; but I could have it trimmed over again.

"That's the first thing. And then we can see about a tie."

"How about the vest?"

"Coat and vest and pants? Oh, they won't look like the same suit when your hair's cut. Unbutton that top button. Let her fly! That's a pretty watch-guard."

"My sister Annie braided it."

"Wish she'd braid me one, then. Got a stick?"

"A cane? No."

"Must have a stick. Then a bud in your buttonhole, like mine. Let's find a barber."

Out of the house they went, and a red-and-white pole was a thing they did not have to hunt for a great while.

"Ow 'll 'ave it cut, sir?" asked the man of scissors, as Silo stretched himself in the chair.

"Tell him, Phil."

"Regular State-prison flo. Or, say, as if he'd been out about a for night," replied Phil.

Silo felt himself half inclined to shudder as he felt the shears at work so close to his scalp, but he was determined to come squarely up to the city style, and he said nothing.

The barber finished his job, with the rapidity due to the fact that other customers were waiting, and then Silo looked in the glass.

There was a remarkable change in his appearance—there was no denying it.

"Shaving wouldn't do you a bit of good, Silo," said Phil, with a grin.

"Now for a tie."

That, too, was easy to get at in the first "furnishing-store" they came to, and in the same establishment Phil discovered a walking-stick, price twenty-five cents, that was own brother to the one he himself carried.

A rosebud was purchased of a flower-girl on a Broadway corner, and then Phil gave his friend a long, close look from head to foot.

"Don't look like the same man. Tip your hat on one side. Not too much. That would be Bowery style. That's it; kind o' jaunty. There! Now don't let anybody suspect you're looking at anything."

"Will I do now?"

"You look as if you'd been brought up at Ponerby & Co.'s."

Silo was immensely pleased with Phil's commendations, but he was thinking just then that he would like to show himself to his mother and Annie, and some of the village boys and girls.

"Who would have thought," he said to Phil, "that such little things would make such a difference?"

"Little things! Why, some men I know wouldn't go down-town with a bad hat on for a thousand dollars."

"Why not?"

"Might miss their credit, you know. Takes a pretty rich man to dare show himself on the street looking seedy."

"Don't rich men care?"

"Oh, not so much. If a man had two or three millions now, and folks knew it, he could wear a dirty shirt, and they'd speak to him almost the same."

"Not exactly?"

"Men that were rich themselves would, but fellows with a shaky credit might be afraid."

Phil may have been stretching the laws of dress a trifle, but there was only too much truth in the instruction he was giving Silo Morgan. He wound up with: "It's almost all in little things. By-and-by you'll get to gloves."

"You don't wear them."

"Not down-town, or on a trip like this; but you can't always be happy without them. Why, I've seen Vandy MacNamara with a pair of kids on."

"Vandy MacNamara?"

"Yes. I didn't know him, at first sight, they changed him so, and what do you think he did?"

"I can't guess."

"Cut me dead, and when I spoke to him he insisted that I was mistaken, and had never met him before. He's a queer customer, he is."

"He isn't any fool, though."

"Vandy? He a fool? No, I guess not. He's a mystery."

"How's that?"

"Wait and see. Ponnerby himself doesn't know what to make of him; I've heard him say so."

It was evident that Phil Hawkins stood in no little awe of the head of the house he worked for, but Silo was anxious to change the subject. There were too many things to ask questions about, all around him, and he knew he must learn all he could, and as fast as he could, if he was to do justice to his nobby appearance.

Perhaps even Phil Hawkins was not aware how very plainly Silo showed at every step that he was "a cat in a strange garret."

Phil was well pleased, however, to officiate as showman, and to let it be seen how much he knew of every noteworthy building they passed, as they strolled slowly up Broadway.

"Shall we go to Wallack's, by-and-by?" he asked.

"The theatre?"

"Oh, that or any other. There's a perfect mob of them."

"Well," replied Silo, slowly, "seems to me I'm not quite ready for that yet. I want to see the city itself before I go to any special place in it."

"Can't do that, you know. It's all made up of places. Let's take a car to Central Park, and then come down when the lamps are lighted."

So they did, but it was too late for more than a glance into the lower end of the Park, and Silo's head was nearly turned by the sight of so many splendid residences as Phil showed him on Fifth Avenue, as they strolled down again.

"Do you suppose Mr. Ponnerby is rich enough to own one of those houses?" he asked.

"What, old Ponnerby? You bet he is. But he likes horses, and all that sort of thing, and prefers his place in New Jersey. Takes him an hour to get there, but it's up-top when you're there."

"Did you ever see him?"

"Dozens of times. He'll be sending you over first thing you know, when he gets back from his vacation."

"Errands, eh?"

"All sorts, and you get the tallest kind of a lunch every time. Nothing stingy about Ponnerby or his housekeeping. Only you've got to look out for him. He never lets up on a fellow."

"Looks as if he had a will of his own."

"Hasn't he, though? Now let's cross over and take a Third Avenue car and run down through the Bowery."

"See the trees?"

"Trees? Not a one. Oh, I see; bowers, and all that."

And Phil laughed in spite of his politeness, at Silo's queer interpretation of the old Dutch name.

"What's a Bowery, then?" asked Silo, with a flush on his face.

"You'll see. And we'll go to the Atlantic Garden, too. I never was there but once."

The street-car they got into next, after walking a few blocks toward the east, was painted bright red outside, and was packed with human beings, as Phil said, "like sardines in a box."

The two boys managed to find "squeezing room" on the rear platform, but before the car had gone far it stopped at a street corner to let off a number of people, who struggled out from the crowd inside as best they could.

"Now's our chance——" began Phil; but, just as he was about to lead the way in a push forward, he suddenly drew back with:

"Hold on, Silo. If there isn't Dunman. What on earth can he be doing over here?"

"Don't you want him to see you?" asked Silo.

"Don't care much. Maybe he don't want us to see him."

"Why not?"

"Oh, nobody can tell. Let's back out of this."

Silo had caught a good glimpse of the "junior partner," and he, too, had a curious notion that he did not wish to speak to him then and there. His reply, however, came in a quick, sharp whisper.

"Phil, see! That little chap with the hook nose picked his coat-tail pocket. Grab him!"

"Pickpocket!" shouted Phil, at the top of his voice.

"Pickpocket!" yelled the little hook nosed man.

"Seize him. Where is he?"

Mr. Dunman had turned instantly around, and his face flushed a little at the sight of Phil, but the latter promptly followed his first shout with:

"It's your pocket, Mr. Dunman. That fellow did it!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the hook-nosed man struck a heavy blow at him, exclaiming, with a terrific oath:

"I'll shuttle your bith, you young liar! I shtole, did I?"

Phil dodged the blow, and Mr. Dunman grasped the angry pickpocket's arms with more strength and quickness than might have been expected of him, just as Silo exclaimed:

"He stole the pocketbook, but that fellow's got it now."

"That fellow," as Silo pointed him out, was a heavy-built, beetle-browed man, who instantly sprang toward Silo and the car-door.

The conductor had pulled the bell, the driver stopped his horses, the women screamed, a dozen voices were calling "Police! Police!" and it seemed as if everybody in that car was in a tremendous hurry to get out of it.

"There must be half a dozen of 'em here," said Phil, as he and Silo were shoved violently along.

"Here it is," said the conductor to Mr. Dunman, as he handed him a wallet that seemed full of papers. "You were careless to leave that where they could have got at it."

"It wouldn't have done them a cent's worth of good; but I was careless, that's a fact."

"Where's your man?"

"Wriggled away from me in the mess——"

"Here he is," began Phil, at the door, but a sharp punch in the ribs cut his words very short, and his breath, too, as he and Silo and half a dozen more were fairly tumbled out on the pavement.

They found their feet as best they could, and a yell of pain from the hook-nosed man was followed by the remark from Silo:

"There, I've broken my new stick. 'Twasn't worth much."

"How'd you break it?" asked Phil.

"Break it? Why, I jabbed that fellow with it. See him limp. Where are the police? He'll get away."

"Of course he will. They always do. Glad you struck him."

"If the stick hadn't broken, he'd have been hurt worse. But Mr. Dunman ought to have stuck to him."

What? and be dragged up as a witness? You don't know Dunman. He'd rather climb a tree."

The car was starting, and they sprang on the platform. There was room enough inside now, but when they looked around for Mr. Dunman, he was not to be found.

"Told you so," said Phil. "Sorry we saw it. I'll tell him in the morning we'll keep shady."

"What's he afraid of now?"

"Afraid of? Why, the reporters. They'd put it in the police column."

Just then a pale-faced youth, who had hurriedly entered the car, addressed Phil, with:

"The conductor says you know the party whose pocket was picked. Give me the items, please."

His pencil and memorandum-book were ready, and Phil did not hesitate a moment in his answers.

"Name, please, and business?"

"Astor, real estate agent."

"Place of business?"

"Prince Street, near Broadway. Wallet full of Government bonds. Recovered from the gang by main strength and awkwardness."

The reporter darted away with his "item," but somehow or other it never got into print. It is barely possible, however, that he was made the victim of "remarks" from the local editor of his journal when he handed in his copy. He was evidently a "green hand"—almost as green as Silas Morgan.

"Phil," remarked Silo, where did you learn to whop like that?"

"No whop at all. I didn't tell him Mr. Astor had his pocket picked, or anybody else. If he tells any lies about it I hope he'll be prosecuted."

Silo laughed, but he could not help beginning to ask himself what would fairly be considered a "whop" if that was not one?"

CHAPTER VI.

MR. DUNMAN had stepped from the front platform of that street-car, just as it was getting into motion, and he walked along quite rapidly for some minutes before he looked behind him. When at last he did so, he muttered:

"Didn't see me leave, I think. Phil would know too much to follow. So, I imagine, would even the country fellow. But what a narrow escape I've had! Almost as narrow as the one Vandy rescued me from. I must do something more for him. Anyhow, that five thousand is paid, and I've got the securities back again. Won't run the risk of any more pickpockets. Wish I felt sure about locking my safe. Anyhow, there isn't much likelihood of burglars on this one particular night."

He seemed to have no recollection that Vandy or his father would be sure to examine the safe-door.

But, then, he may have had a great deal of confidence in their honesty.

At all events he hurried on, and he soon found himself saying, half aloud, again:

"What a big thing it is for a firm to build for me just now! If that thing doesn't work pretty soon I'll have to fill up those upper lofts. They look too nearly empty."

What "thing" could he have been referring to? He, the most respectable man of his age that anybody knew anything about?

Why, at that very moment, in the luxurious library of their beautiful villa in New Jersey, Mrs. Ponnerby, a remarkably fine-looking woman, with a thoughtful and intellectual face, was saying to her husband:

"What a good thing it is, dear, to have such a man as Mr. Dunman to leave behind you while we're away."

"Capital fellow," exclaimed old Mr. Ponnerby. "Brought him up myself. Trust him with anything. Wish couldn't steal me poor, though, if he should try; but he won't try."

"He could lose a great deal of money for you, my dear."

"Not without losing his own. And he won't do that. Dunman's all right. Got a new boy to-day. Bright little fellow from the country. Bring him over and show him to you when we get back."

"New boy? But what ever has become of Vandy MacNamara? I always liked him."

"So do I. Only I don't know what to make of him. He's alive and as cute as ever. Got my eye on him. Do something for him some day."

"My dear," said Mrs. Ponnerby, after a moment's silence, "are you well insured?"

"Always. Dunman looks out for that. More anxious about it than I am. Sometimes I'm of half a mind to insure myself and take the risk. It costs so much. Never had a fire touch me or mine in all my life, eh?"

"But you can't tell how soon one may come."

"That's a fact. Come, mother, can't the girls give us a little music?"

Of course they could, and very different music it was from that which the fire and the engines and the shouting firemen were making, just then, among the warehouses and offices away down there on Otter Street, in the distant city.

The people of the villa knew nothing about that, however, until they read about it in the newspapers, next morning, just before time for Mr. Ponnerby to jump in his carriage and dash away to catch the railway train which was to carry him to the city.

Mrs. Ponnerby was the first to see it, and she dropped the paper, exclaiming:

"My dear! Oh, Mr. Ponnerby!"

"What is it?" he replied, as he sprang up, with only one boot on. "Are you sick, Mary?"

"Oh, no. Read that. Great fire! Warehouse burned! Ponnerby & Co. Insurance unknown."

"You don't say," he remarked, in a quieter tone, as he put out his hand for his other boot. "A fire has come at last, has it?"

"What will you do?"

"Do? Why, you may read me what the paper says. Then, when I get down town I'll learn what the facts are. There isn't anything to be nervous about, that I can see. Only I'm afraid Dunman will take advantage of me."

"Take advantage of you? How?"

"Crow over me about the insurance. He'll be sure to say, - I told you so.'"

"That won't hurt you. I'm very glad he did tell you so. It's a good thing you've got such a man to care for things."

Plainly there was no lack of confidence in Mr. Dunman at the Ponnerby villa.

For that matter, he was the sort of man in whom everybody is ready to put all the confidence they happen to have. Even Vandy MacNamara had once said to himself, when he was all alone on the roof:

"I've perfect confidence in Dunman. That's the word. He's the most complete confidence man I know of. But he's a tip-top fellow to work for."

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER the Stile affair of the pickpockets, Phil and Sile rode along quietly enough, while the former poured forth a steady stream of information concerning the ways and doings of the "criminal classes" of the great city.

"I know they were here," said Sile, "but I scarcely expected to see any of them so soon."

"See 'em? Why, you've scarcely had a look at them now, except that little hook-nosed man. Glad you gave him so good a punch."

"So am I. It was worth a stick. But don't I wish it hadn't broke!"

"Then you might have shoved it clean through him. I'd no idea you were so strong."

"Strong enough to break a light bit of a stick like that, I guess. Do you know how to box?"

"A little. Do you?"

"Only a little. But we can take lessons, can't we?"

"Easy enough. Plenty of teachers. Don't cost much, either. Do you know German?"

"Not a dozen words. Do you?"

"Of course I do. You'd better learn French, too. Every merchant has to know languages. I'm going to learn Spanish."

"So'll I. Why, the first man I met when I got out of the office to-day was a Frenchman, and the next was a Chinese, and the next was a German. Do you speak Chinese?"

"No, but I'd learn Pigeon English if I meant ever to do any business with them."

"Pigeon English? What's that?"

"It's the lingo they talk with our sort of people. No white man can learn Chinese."

That was a little more than the truth, but he was right about the Pigeon English. Many MacNamara could have given him a lesson in it, too, but he had not learned it at the night-school.

While Phil was trying to give Sile some specimens of "Pigeon," and not succeeding very well, he suddenly stopped short and jumped up, exclaiming:

"I declare, here we are at the Atlantic Garden. We've come all this distance without knowing it. So much for chin-chin."

Sile had been for some time looking slyly out for "bowers" and "gardens," and that sort of thing, and had been half disappointed at finding only thicker and thicker crowds of men and women and children, and the same endless succession of lamp-posts and signs.

He noticed, too, that the houses were smaller than those he had seen before, although every one of them seemed to be a "store" of some sort, and that the crowds seemed to be in no sort of hurry.

He had about made up his mind that there must be some kind of a "fair" going on in that part of the city, but when he said as much to Phil, he was mortify informed:

"Crowd? Why, that isn't a crowd. The Bowery's that way every night the year round, unless it's stormy or too cold."

And now they were on the sidewalk, and Sile could read the great sign, "Atlantic Garden."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "the garden is in there?"

"Yes," said Phil, "it's in there. We don't care to stay, you know, but you must see the biggest garden in the city or you won't know what flowers are wised you see them."

In they went, passed what looked like a drinking bar and through a crowd of pretty rough-looking men, and then Sile thought he had never heard of so big a room as that in which he found himself.

"Trees?"

Not a tree.

"Flowers and shrubs?"

Not a sign of such a thing, but the vast floor was thickly covered with little tables, with seats around them, and nearly every seat was occupied, and nearly every table had glasses on it.

Men, women, children, all seeming to enjoy themselves, all reasonably quiet and well-behaved, and all, as Sile began to understand, drinking lager beer.

Many were smoking, more were talking, and when the band struck the notes of a favorite German air, some of them began to sing.

"Is this what you call a garden?" exclaimed the wondering Sile.

"Exactly," said Phil; "it's a beer garden. Just like what the Germans have at home."

"Are all these people Germans?"

"Pretty much all. They come here to drink lager and Rhine wine."

"Do they ever get drunk?"

"Never heard of a German getting drunk on beer. If any fellow won't behave himself, the rest take him and hustle him out. It's a queer place, but it's a quiet one."

"Do respectable people come here?"

"That's what they call themselves. I don't care to be the man to tell them they're anything else."

"Guess I won't, either. So this is a garden! In the Bowery. With beer-mugs for flowers."

"The music's good and so is the beer. Want to try some?"

"Music! I like that well enough."

"No—some beer."

"Never drank any, and I guess I won't begin. What's the good of it?"

"Oh, some people like it."

"Well, I'd just as lief not learn. Come on. I've seen your garden, beer, tobacco-smoke and all."

"Don't you like it?"

"Well," said Sile, "I wouldn't have missed seeing it, but I don't exactly understand it."

"No more do I," said Phil; "but I've heard old Mr. Ponnerby say it was a good thing."

"What for?"

"Oh, he hates lager, and he said he was glad to see so many strong people get together every night to try and drink it all up."

"Come along, then. Let's go and see something else."

Again Phil made his proposition of a visit to one of the theatres, but again Sile put him off.

Some other time. Phil. Seems to me my head's all in a buzz with what I've seen and heard to-day. I shan't sleep a wink."

"Then you'll be sure to be awake in time for breakfast."

"Didn't you say we had to be at the office by nine o'clock?"

"Nowadays we do. Sometimes, when business is driving, we have to be on hand by eight."

"That doesn't seem very early."

"Wait till you've worked hard from eight o'clock till four, some day."

"That's nothing. Only eight hours. I've known our men on the farm work sixteen. They're always up by five."

"Guess farm work's different from ours, then. They couldn't keep it up a great many days if they had to go it as we do."

Sile was strongly of the opinion that country work was as hard as any other, but Phil told him not to be too fast about it.

"You'll see before Christmas. Dull times now. Sometimes it's five or even six before Dunman 'll close the office. But that doesn't come often."

"Don't care if it does," said Sile. "I'm as tired now as if I'd sold the whole city. Why, if it isn't nearly ten! I'd no notion of it. Guess I'd better go home."

Phil had no objections, and Sile Morgan's first day in the city was speedily brought to an end.

(To be continued.)

"The Janitor's Boy" was commenced in No. 698.

Through the Heart of Japan.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOUNDS," "INVENTIVE KEN," "ORVILLE AND DAN," "THE CRUISE AT HARVARD COLLEGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BLIND GUIDE OF SENGA-KUJI.

THE *Matsuri* of the Forty-seven *Ronins* is an excuse for a general picnic on the part of the middle classes of Tokio, who swarm out to the Spring Hill Temple, worship at the heroes' graves, burn incense before their effigies at the "Well in which the Head was Washed," and fill themselves with *saké* and rice brandy.

They talk about the glorious Spirit of Old Japan, and utter much nonsense, while in their hearts they know better, for in their pockets they have the money of the foreigners, who have by their arts and sciences enlightened Japan when she was dark, and persuaded her rulers to abolish the divisions of class, and change tyranny and disregard for human life for something more humane; still, such is the cussedness of men's nature, knowing all this as they do, there are thousands, nay, millions, of Nihonese who cling to old forms, beliefs and rites, and babble about the *Yamato Damashi*, the spirit that kept them down as a huntsman does his dog's, as a slave-owner does his human chattels, a spirit that, if they dared say one word against their cruel *daimios* (lords), sent them in crowds to the bloody pit.

In all countries there are sentimental idiots who sigh for "The good old times," and some of the Japanese are, in this respect, no wiser than ourselves or any other people.

As Johnnie moved about among the crowd he heard much of this sort of talk, which amused him greatly. It was, like our colored folks grumbling at emancipation, grimly comical.

Finding that his face betrayed him, he purchased a large fan, and screening his features, proceeded to view the sights.

"Do you want a guide, *Sama?*" demanded one of a row of blind men, who were ranged like hackdrivers behind a wooden barrier on the right of the avenue leading to the Temple of the Spring Hill.

Brackett paused, and addressing the sightless man, said, in his best Japanese:

"How can you, who are blind, guide one who can see?"

"Ah, most noble gentleman from the far country," laughingly answered the man, "I can tell you are one of the guests of the Tenno, of whom I have read. Permit me to be your guide. I can be as useful to you as a pair of spectacles."

In Japan, blind men, trained by constant familiarity with special localities, often serve as guides. They live in certain quarters of the great cities, are often wealthy, and act as shampooers and as go-between when marriages or quarrels have to be arranged by the middle-classes, and are a privileged set.

All of them shave their heads like bonzes, and, spite of modern ideas, wear the ancient costume.

Like our own hackmen, those who offer their services for hire are often an annoyance to the general public, so are compelled to wear a badge and stand behind wooden barriers, from which they are not supposed to emerge until engaged by a patron.

The individual who had spoken to Brackett was a facetious fellow, who belonged to a society termed "The Squib" (pertinent to the members of which met every evening in order to hear the daily papers read by a paid elocutionist.

He knew by Johnnie's voice that his client was not a native, so shrewdly guessed him to be a member of the party whose object was so much was being published in the Tokio journals.

"Come along, Mr. Spectacles," replied the wag. "I wish to visit the chapel, the well, and the tombs of the immortal forty-seven."

The man stepped forward, and placing his hand upon the wanger, felt his garments; then, as though puzzled, remarked:

"The *karasu* (crow) wears the feathers of the goose." (Goose.)

"Yes," chuckled Johnnie, "I am desirous of seeing the sights without being mobbed and making a show of myself. Come along, Mr. Spectacles."

But for his keeping his eyelids closed and his carrying a blind man's staff, capped with a number of metal rings, which jingled when he struck it on the ground, a foreigner, or even a native, would have thought that the man possessed his sight.

"My name is Hito," (Mr. Man—literally, light-bearer) he said. "I am honored by having to show the sights to a foreign *daimio*."

"Mikado," said Johnnie; "where I come from we are all emperors."

"Ah," returned his guide, "you are the joker, Professor John Brackett, are you not? The one who made out the mysterious diagram. It was very comical that trick of the *Dai-bons* besting the bonzes out of the reward. Of course you saw all about it in the *Kokeda*. First-rate journal that. I read it every night."

"I thought you were blind?" said Brackett, as they walked side by side.

"So I am," laughingly answered his guide. "I lost my eyesight when I was an infant, but Buddha, by way of compensation, gave me a good pair of ears, so I am as well off as here and there one. You were wise to come here thus early. In an hour from this the grounds will be crowded. It is the *matsuri* of the *rouins*. Do you know their history?"

"Yes," he said, "I know all about them. One man died and the forty-seven avenged his death by killing a *cir* and two hundred of his followers, after which they, by order of the authorities, committed *hara-kiri*. It is a comical story."

"Yes," chuckled the blind man, "but it has brought the bonzes lots of money, so they keep it before the people. Our folks like gory subjects. Do yours?"

"Well, yes," grinned the wag. "We make a fuss over our murderers, but do not keep it up after they are dead."

"Your bonzes are not half smart," snickered his guide.

"Oh, they know enough to last them over night," said Johnnie.

The man led him to the right of the Spring Hill Temple, which was even at that hour crowded with devotees, and bidding him put off his sandals, ushered Brackett into a chapel, where, ranged along the walls, he saw carved figures of the Dai-nio Asano Takumi-no-Kami and his forty-seven faithful retainers.

Hito never made a mistake or false step, and threaded his way in and out among the spectators like any other man.

"You see," he said to Johnnie, as he pointed to the various figures, "that grand daimio in the lacquered robes is Asano; that fierce-looking Samurai, with his sword drawn, is Oishi, the lord's councilor, and next to him is his son, Chikara, a boy of sixteen. There were venerable men among the brave forty-seven, one being seventy-seven years old. They died for the *Yamato Damashi*. Ah, they were great heroes."

Just then a bonze moved silently toward them, carrying a collection-bag.

The blind man whispered to Johnnie:

"Give him ten cash."

"Who?" demanded Brackett, in order to test the speaker.

"The holy bonze before you," said the guide.

Brackett pouled up, and after the bonze had passed on, inquired how the blind man had known of the other's presence.

"I smelt him," was the sly reply. "They all carry the perfume of incense about them. When you have traveled round these grounds as long as I, you will be able to nose them as easily as I do. I can tell all classes by their smell. The nobles give out a foreign odor of broadcloth and starch, the farmers a whiff of fertilizer, the fishermen of fish, merchants and storekeepers of their goods, and beggars of dirt. Now you take a good look at the forty-seven *ronins*, while I get myself a cup of *saké*."

The man went off, jingling his staff, and Johnnie gazed on the figures.

The statues were carved in wood, the faces colored, and the dresses richly lacquered, and, as works of art, had great merit, the action of the heroes, each armed with his favorite weapon, being wonderfully lifelike and spirited.

"Well," he soliloquized, "that *Dai-bonz's* blessing was worth something to the *ronins*—it immortalized them—that, to a Japanese, is worth more than life. There was a wonderful power in that bonze's message. I was a fool to ridicule it. When those men heard his words they knew their brave deed would be for ever kept in the memory of the people."

While he was thinking over this, a second bonze silently approached him and mutely begged for a contribution, and presently there came along a third, a fourth and a fifth.

He gave each a few cash, then, quitting the temple, strolled into the grounds, murmuring:

"They are ahead of our minifiers; they take up a collection every five minutes;" adding, with a chuckle, "I'd like to see our deacons try on this game—wouldn't the congregation clear out?"

He mused over this for a while, and following the crowd, soon arrived at a spring of clear water, around which was built a tiny fernery, at the back of the latter being a board bearing this inscription:

NOTICE.

THIS IS THE WELL-SPRING
IN WHICH THE HEAD WAS WASHED.

Persons are warned not to lave their hands or feet here.

RESPECT THIS.

"Want a drink?" mumbled an aged crone, who made a living by selling tiny cups of the water. "It is good for sore heads?"

"I'm not one!" gravely answered Johnnie.

The woman regarded him closely, muttering:

"*Baka* (idiot). You do not know how soon you may need the cure-all!"

"I don't believe in the water-cure," he answered, handing her some money. "Is that spring clean? The *ronins* used it *as a sink*, did they not?"

The woman pocketed the coins, and, filling a cup, growled:

"Yes, but that was a long time ago! Drink! After you have tasted this water you will believe in *Yamato Damashi!*"

The wag drained the vessel, and, as he returned it to her, Hito, his blind guide, walked straight up to him, and, touching him on the arm, whispered:

"Come, you are in danger! I have some important news to tell you!"

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHNNIE AND THE BLIND GUIDE.

HITO, the blind guide, led Johnnie aside, and said, in low tones:

"I was in the *saké* shop called 'The Ronin's Vow,' drinking a cup to warm my liver, when I overheard a drunken man who was in one of the private rooms swearing to take your life."

"Oh, that's nothing!" calmly answered the wag.

"He means well. I know him. He's the *ronin* I spitballed the other day."

"Why not have him arrested?" suggested the other. "He may fall upon you all of a hurry, and cut you into mince-meat."

Johnnie laughed at this idea, and after making Hito promise secrecy, told him the entire joke, the recital of which nearly gave the blind man a fit.

He jingled his staff, yelled and capered with laughter, and ended by performing "The Respectful Salutation" and crying:

"You are a prince of a joker. I bow to thee!"

As the act of prostration was not an uncommon one, few of the spectators were attracted by it.

Johnnie waited until Hito had finished, when he said:

"Come, I now desire to see the spot where the immortal Forty-seven were buried."

"It is not very far off," answered Hito, leading the way up the side of the hill. "You, very correctly, make fun of that drunken Kura. His acts, compared with those of his ancestor, are as differ-ent as *mikoo* and *mochi*." (A fermented food made of beans and a dough of rice-flour.)

"I don't know," was Johnnie's smiling reply. "They appear to me about the same. Why did not Oishi Kura-no-suke and his forty-six companions mind their own business instead of going into the butchering trade?"

"The what?" cried Hito.

Brackett repeated his remark.

"You are mistaken," said the guide.

"No, I am right," answered Johnnie. "I put them all together, the Kuras of the past and the Kuras of the present. They are butchers."

For some moments Hito remained silent, then he impressively remarked:

"There are certain acts that are simply ridiculous, like those of the *ronin* Kura, who, were he possessed of the true spirit of Old Japan, would long ago have done something for our beloved country—something to cause her name to be respected. As it is, he is a drunken dog, and deserves to die *tsu-jini* (a rowdy's death). Even I, a blind man, can see better than such fools. Do not confound his demented performance with the glorious deeds of the Forty-seven—they are true heroes."

As he spoke he halted in front of a wayside stall, on which were exhibited books, medals and pictures, commemorative of the loyalty of the brave men.

Hito picked up an illustrated volume and continued, in a quiet tone, for their conversation was beginning to draw attention:

"Sir, I have heard that in your country you have had gallant men who have performed deeds of blood in order to demonstrate their patriotism! To you the act recorded in this little volume may appear like butchery, while, in reality, it was something pleasing to the gods and worthy of the emulation of your noble people! Oishi Kura-no-suke and his fellow-heroes not only died to avenge the death of their lord, but to show mankind that to a Nihonese devotion to principles is dearer than life itself," adding, with a disgusted gesture that rendered his poor, sightless face noble: "I, too, would willingly die to benefit my country and its people!"

"It's more than I would, if I could any way avoid it," quietly answered Johnnie. "We Americans don't believe in that sort of thing! We prefer to *live for our country!*"

"That is right, too," said Hito; "but the lesson of the Forty-seven *Ronins* is this: 'It, by giving one's worthy life, we can alleviate the sufferings of the countless millions who will live after us, let us march to the blood-pit bravely, for we shall die a noble death!'"

"I admire your idea," said Johnnie, with a grin. "It sounds first-class; but, as I before remarked, I'd rather, like my good friend, Benkei Yozo, live for my country; still, I begin to admire the deed of the Forty-seven—they were bully boys!"

"They were heroes!" solemnly observed Hito. "Wait until you have seen their graves!"

The stall-keeper, who had listened attentively to this, now spoke, remarking:

"I perceive, Sama, you are a To-jin-san. Permit me to offer you a medal! Wear it, and you will ever after believe in the Forty-seven!"

Johnnie accepted the present, which was given on what we term the "baiting with a sprat to catch a whale" principle; then, selecting a number of pictures, books and medals, inquired the price of the lot. The dealer replied:

"One yen," which Brackett paid.

"I'll carry them for you, Sama!" said his guide. "You walk slowly on, up the hill, toward that grove of trees. I will soon overtake you!"

Johnnie did as he was requested, and after going a short distance turned, when he saw the stall-keeper handing Hito some strings of cash, which he dexterously slipped into the sleeve of his robe, glancing cautiously around as he did so, just as any other man would have done.

This tickled the wag; it amusing him to think that, spite of Hito's admiration for the patriot band, he was not above making a little something out of them.

Presently his guide came along, jingling his staff and sniffing like a trained animal.

Brackett moved out of the path, but Hito nosed him, and approaching the spot, said:

"I have received a hundred cash from the stall-keeper. It is yours, sir."

Johnnie felt small, he having believed the man had desired to cheat him out of a commission.

"You can keep it, Mr. Hito," he said. "I have wronged you by thinking you wished to get a per centage on what I purchased."

On hearing this speech the blind man laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks; the truth being, he had received five hundred cash.

This, according to the custom of the country, was all right; so he told Johnnie, remarking:

"I considered it was too much to take, and thought I'd give you a portion back; however, I thank you, and will drink a good cup of *saké* to your health. This way, Sama. Do not blame a blind man for making a few cash on your purchases! When the Mikado buys anything of your countrymen, the foreign go-between count their commission by the thousand yen."

"That's so," good-humoredly replied Johnnie. "You're smart, old man; you ought to have been born in my country."

"I am glad you are not angry," said Hito, leading the way back to the path toward the cemetery. "We have a saying, 'The smaller the commission the greater the grumble.' I perceive that you understand the true principles of trade."

"Yes," chuckled the wag; "my father once dealt in codfish."

"I thought you were a noble I-jin," said Hito. "My father was in the Yezo salmon business. I salute you a second time;" adding, merrily, "We have a saying, 'Talk with a stranger long enough, and you will finally discover he is your relative.'"

He grinned as he said this, then went on ahead, jingling his staff and chuckling, muttering every now and then, as though talking to himself:

THE JANITOR'S BOY.—"MRS. FONNERBY WAS THE FIRST TO SEE IT, AND SHE DROPPED THE PAPER, EXCLAIMING: 'OH, MR. FONNERBY!' 'WHAT IS IT?' HE REPLIED, AS HE SPRANG UP, WITH ONLY ONE BOOT ON."—SEE PAGE 214.

"His father dealt in cod. *Naru hodo!*" (Well, I never!)

The pair entered a grove of majestic trees, and approached an inclosed space containing forty-eight little tomb-stones; each of which was decked with evergreens, and had before it a tribute of water and incense "for the comfort of the departed spirit."

The stones, shaped like the smaller (foot) slabs placed upon the graves of our own dead, were ranged around a large monument, under which lies buried the noble lord, Asano Takumi-no-Kami, whose honor the *ronins* died to avenge.

Although Johnnie was, as we know, fond of fun, he could not avoid feeling awed by the sight. It was a sermon in granite, illustrating the high-toned bravery, patience and patriotism of Japanese nature—something that moved him to the heart.

Spite of all that he, on counting the slabs and finding there were forty-eight of them, turned to Hito, who had prostrated himself, and was performing the Respectful Ceremony, and said:

"Here's a joke. Your books are all wrong. There were forty-eight *ronins*, my friend!"

"No, no, no!" gravely replied Hito. "The forty-eighth tomb was erected to the Satsuma man. You remember the story, do you not? You'll find it in the book."

"Oh, I recollect! You refer to that fellow who spat on Oishi Kura-no-suke when the latter lay drunk in the road at Kioto. Do you know, when my friend Nami related the history of the *ronins*, I thought it was rough for that Satsuma man to tread on the *ronin's* face and spit upon him as he did."

"It all came out right," gravely replied the blind man. "One day, when the fame of the Forty-seven became noised abroad, and the folks were swarming out there in crowds to pray and offer incense, among the people came the Satsuma man, who, prostrating himself before the grave of Oishi Kura-no-suke, bowed reverently and said, slowly and solemnly: 'Oh, spirit of a true Samurai, hear me! When I saw you lying drunk by the roadside at Yamashina I little thought you were playing fox in order to deceive the enemies of your dead lord! Thinking you were a faithless man, I trampled on you and spat in your face. Oh, Oishi Kura-no-suke! you who will live for ever in history, you noble Samurai, I here ask pardon of your spirit, and offer atonement at thy tomb!'"

"How much money did he pony up?" inquired Brackett, whose idea of retribution was mixed up with a pecuniary payment.

"Money!" indignantly exclaimed the blind man. "Most honorable gentleman from afar, he offered his life! A Nihonese does not, like you Ijin, put a price upon his existence."

"One for us foreigners and our indemnities," murmured Johnnie. "Go ahead, Mr. Hito. What did the Satsuma man do?"

"He prostrated himself a second time," said Hito, in tragic tones that arrested even those praying at the tombs; "he bowed low before the grave of the man whom he had wronged, then, drawing his dirk from his girdle, performed *kara-kiri*, and died like a true Samurai! Now, was he not noble?"

"Give it up!" gravely answered Johnnie; "I believe the water of the Head-spring is affecting me! Common sense says he was a fool—admiration for the idea suggests he was a hero! Give it up! You Japanese see these things differently from us practical Americans."

The blind man rolled his sightless eyes in their sockets, smiled, and said:

"Common sense is very well when applied to the things of to-day, but you must use uncommon sense when dealing with ancient traditions, like that of the forty-seven *ronins*."

"Yes," chuckled the wag, "very uncommon—such as few of us Americans possess! I shall chalk these heroes down on the slate with Mad Anthony Wayne, John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, Sitting Bull, and others"—then hearing some one speaking in English, he continued: "By Jingo! here comes my chums! Don't say a word—I'll just put up a joke on them!"

He thrust some money into Hito's hand and hurried away, concealing his face behind his fan. Five minutes after that he was in the wine shop where he had left Kura.

"Your friend is asleep!" said the landlord, indicating a private room—"he is in there!"

Johnnie nodded, and entering the apartment beheld Kura, snoring like a pig.

By the *ronin's* side lay the sword he had stolen—a grand old weapon—and a dirk, the identical one with which Oishi Kura-no-suke had, centuries ago, ended his enemy's and his own existence.

On the wall-paper, smeared in wine-lees, were Japanese characters, which, rendered into English, meant: "Thou shalt not live under the same heaven with the enemy of thy Father."

"My poor fellow," mused Johnnie, as he picked up the weapons and secreted them in his ample sleeves, "I must cure you of your taste for the spirit of Old Japan, and teach you the spirit of Young America!"

The paper-glazed window of the room opened upon the grounds, so Johnnie quitted the apartment by that entrance, and hurried back to the Cemetery of the Forty-seven *Ronins*, murmuring as he went:

"I'll sell you, chums, worse than I have my brother Kura! If you think you have got the best of me, you're confoundedly mistaken!"

As he entered the inclosure he beheld Orville, Dan, Benkei, Don and the artist, Nami, inspecting the tombs.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHUMS TURN THE TABLES UPON JOHNNIE.

WHEN Orville rose that morning he discovered Johnnie's baggage, as addressed by the wag, so, after consulting with Dan and Benkei, he sent for a master-carrier, and contracted for its delivery on board the *Great Republic*, sending with the package a note stating he and the other young men would join their friend in the evening, and remain on board with him until the ship started for home.

"We never ought to have invited Brack to join us," said Don. "He's as full of cussedness as a tame monkey. He ought to think himself lucky if he quits this country with his head on his body."

"I don't know," sighed Benkei. "Although he is constantly getting into scrapes, he always contrives to wriggle out of them, and is a real noble-hearted fellow. I am sorry enough to part with him, though when I think of that warning, I am somewhat reconciled to his loss."

"What bloodthirsty brutes the *ronins* are!" observed Dan. "They're a disgrace to Japan."

"Have you no such *brutes* in America?" gently asked Benkei.

"Right again, Ben, old boy," said Orv. "I don't think we can boast much about that matter."

"Just so," remarked Don. "For my part, I think the people of this country are, as a body, equal to any nation in intelligence. Calling folks brutes is, to say the least, questionable taste."

"Re-cor-ded!" cried Dan, pretending to make a note of their speeches. "I own up—I am always wrong."

"Oh, no, chum," said Benkei. "All I ask of you is this—when you meet a Nihonese brute say to yourself, 'Have we not similar animals to this in my country?' You will then avoid hurting any one's feelings."

While he was speaking, Mr. Nami was announced.

After the artist had saluted them, they told him of Johnnie's departure.

"This is a good joke," chuckled Nami. "I arranged with one of my men to scare him. It was I who wrote the *ronin's* warning. We will go out to Takawana, and enjoy the *matsuri*, then return and take the last train for Yokohama, and go on board the steamer. He will find that he has met his match at practical joking."

"But do you not consider his life is in danger?" inquired Dan.

"Well, no and yes," said Nami. "I do not deny that there are thousands of persons in this country who detest the new order of things, just as there are in America thousands who, not knowing we are civilized, deem us utter barbarians; still, with ordinary precaution, Brackett may travel with you unmolested. You will soon quit Tokio, and once you are upon your rolling wheels, the route will have a poor chance to attack you. I desired to scare your friend, so wrote that message and wrapped it about a stone, which my servant threw in at the window. My advice is to keep up the joke until the ship is about to start, then tell him, and bring the good fellow back to a little lecture which I will give in his honor."

The chums agreed to this.

Entering the *jin-rikishas*, they started for the Spring Hill Temple, on their way purchasing some newspapers, just as Brackett had done, and being vastly amused with the accounts.

On reaching Takawana the party alighted from their vehicle, and ascending the hill-side, viewed the figures of the Forty-seven. After drinking at the well, they moved up to the grove and entered the inclosure containing the graves of the heroes.

"I am sorry Johnnie has missed this," remarked Doctor Benkei, as they halted before the tomb of Asano Takumi-no-Kami, the great lord for whose sake and to avenge whose death the deeds of blood had been done. "I believe, for once in his life, he would have felt serious. Who could look upon those graves, and remembering the noble acts of the Forty-seven, desire to play a practical joke?"

"Johnnie could," answered Orville. "He would joke at the grave of his grandfather. You forget we Americans lack veneration."

While Orv was saying this, Brackett, disguised in Japanese costume, marched gravely past them with his face hidden behind his open fan.

He actually overheard Orville's speech, and laughed at it, though neither of the chums noticed him.

Although he was exceedingly well-disguised, still his face was not that of a Japanese.

As he moved in and out among the groups of worshipers kneeling before the tombs, those who saw his features knew he was a foreigner, but, being polite, did not stare at him.

They behaved better than some of our countrymen and women do when they see a Japanese gentleman on the street, and did not gape at him as though he were a new species of demon.

Johnnie advanced to the tomb of Oishi Kura-no-suke, and prostrating himself, performed "The Respectful Salutation," after doing which he gravely drew his sword from his left sleeve and placed it on the ground by him, then produced his dirk, as though he were about to perform the ceremony of *kara-kiri*.

Those of the spectators who recognized he was a foreigner were puzzled by this act, while the others, who only saw his back, imagined he was a *ronin* ex-Samurai about to end his existence in the orthodox fashion.

"Look at that man," whispered Orville to Benkei.

"Hush!" cried the latter, who, notwithstanding his advanced views, admired the proud spirit of the ex-Shogun's men. "Do not speak. He is about to perform a glorious act!"

Brackett could hear what was said, and as he bent his head, he snickered, saying to himself:

"This is the best thing yet!"

After bowing gravely, he deposited the dirk on his right, and, once more prostrating himself, waited for the crowd to close round him.

His hair was so well dressed that that it deceived all who had not seen his face, and they, like his chums, took him for a *ronin* ex-Samurai, and advanced, expecting to witness the final tragedy—the act considered so glorious by many Japanese.

"See here, boys," murmured Dan to his companions, "let us stop that suicide. I can't stand it."

"Hush!" said Nami and Benkei, simultaneously. "Let him perform the grand deed."

"I'm be hanged if I will!" excitedly remarked Orv, whose feelings were worked up to the highest pitch; then, addressing the awe-stricken crowd, he continued, in Japanese: "My friends, do not permit this bloody act to take place. It is an insult to the Tenno to disobey his edict. You are all aware he has abolished the ceremony of *kara-kiri*" (disemboweling).

Instead of agreeing with him, the spectators uttered an ominous murmur, signifying their intense disapprobation.

Johnnie, who was still bowed to the ground, was almost choking with suppressed merriment.

Dan was making notes, thinking it was a genuine example of the ancient custom of seppuku.

Nami was sketching as coolly as though at an ordinary show.

Benkei was profoundly moved. Orville and Dan were indignant.

They had heard a great deal about the ceremony, but had never before believed anyone would, in the teeth of the Emperor's edict, perform it.

"Go ahead, Orv," whispered Dan, who was as greatly excited as his brother. "The people know

THROUGH THE HEART OF JAPAN.—A BATTLE IN THE DAYS OF THE HEROIC FORTY-SEVEN.—SEE PAGE 215.

we are the Emperor's guests, and will not dare to stop us. You seize his sword and I'll collar his dirk."

The brothers moved one to the right and the other to the left of the kneeling wag, and simultaneously grabbed the weapons.

As they did so, the native spectators uttered a yell of indignation.

To them the act of preventing a man from committing that particular form of suicide was an outrage. They expected the prostrate one would rise, and, demanding his swords, would commit *hara-kiri* like a little man.

"Ah—h!" they yelled—"ah—ough—ough—ough!"

Nami's and Benkei's eyes flashed.

They felt like a Bostonian when he hears an Englishman speak lightly of the Old South Church.

The brothers had objected to one of the most ancient customs of Japan, and in their hearts the doctor and printer were real mad.

All this did not affect Orville and Dan, who were determined to stop the performance, even though their act created a row.

Summoning some policemen, who had come to the *matsuri* in an official capacity, Orv said, in an indignant tone:

"Arrest this unfortunate person; he is insane!"

The police had received instructions to guard and attend the chums, so they obeyed, rushing zealously through the crowd and shouting: "Surrender! Surrender!" As they reached Johnnie he arose, and, to the amazement of the brothers and delight of Nami, said to the officials:

"Easy, my boys! I am Professor Brackett—a guest of the Mikado! Hands off!" and, turning to his chums, cried: "Soul again, eh?"

Orville glanced at Dan, and, as he did so, whispered:

"Let us pretend we don't know Brack and scare him!"

Dan returned the look, after doing which he assumed a severe tone and observed to the grinning joker:

"Who are you, fellow?" Then said to the policemen: "Arrest him! We will bear all responsibility!"

Ere Johnnie could say another word he was forced to the ground and bound hand and foot, while the amazed crowd, wondering why an *Ijin* desired to commit *seppuku*, grinned as one individual.

No people take more delight in a joke than the Japanese, and when they discovered how the tables had been turned on the waggish foreigner, they enjoyed it hugely.

"Oh, boys," yelled Johnnie, as the policemen raised him, in order to bear off their burden, "this is carrying the thing too far! I'm Johnnie Brackett! Don't you know me, chums?"

"Don't know you!" gravely answered Orv.

"I believe he's a runaway English sailor!" said Dan.

"Oh, come, that's too rough!" cried Brackett. "You can see through my disguise, can't you, Mori?"

"Don't Mort me, fellow!" indignantly answered Don. "I never saw you before in my life."

"You stop!" fairly yelled Johnnie, as the officers began to move off with him. "I'm a guest of the Mikado, and if you hurt me there will be a shindy. See here, Benkei, you know me, don't you, now?"

"I have no acquaintance with rowdy foreigners who run away from ships and disguise themselves, in order to escape arrest!" gravely replied Ben.

"Thunderation!" screamed Brackett, speaking in mingled Japanese and English. "You vaccinated me, Benkei; look at the mark on my arm."

As he uttered this sentence he extended his right hand, exhibiting, as he did so, "the *ronin's* mark"; on seeing which, Nami, who had laughed until he cried, directed his friend's attention to it, saying:

"It is plain enough who th's rascal is; he ought to be taken before the district magistrate."

"And you, too, Nami!" foamed Johnnie. "I suppose you think you're putting up a nice gag on me!"

"Where did you get that sword!" suddenly demanded the chief policeman, as he examined the weapon, which Orville still retained and was exhibiting to Ben. "This thief has broken into the fire-proof building containing the clothes and arms of the Forty-seven heroes. Be he a foreigner or a native, it will cost him his head."

By that time Johnnie was almost scared out of his senses, and his chums began to think it as well to end the joke.

For any one to steal the sacred relics, formerly the property of the Forty-seven, is, in Japanese eyes, as great a crime as sacrilege.

When the indignant crowd heard the words of the officer, they yelled:

"Kill the impious wretch!"

They picked up stones, and arming themselves with fence-pickets, advanced menacingly, whereupon Benkei stopped them by exhibiting an envelope, on which was imprinted the imperial *mon* (crest).

"Halt!" he cried, in commanding tones. "Respect this. We will take charge of the prisoner."

The people bowed reverently and retired respectfully, leaving Johnnie in the hands of his friends.

"I suppose you think you have made a nice fool of me?" snapped Brackett to Ben, as the policemen unbound his limbs.

Benkei waited until the officers had quitted them, then gently replied, in English:

"Johnnie, we did not disguise you! Come, let us return to Tokio."

"Stop a moment," whispered the wag. "I must take my *ronin* with me."

(To be continued.)

"Through the Heart of Japan" was commenced in No. 217.

THE YOUNG HERO OF CAPE ANN.—"A MOMENT LATER THE BOARDING PARTY CAME THRONGING INTO THE CABIN. 'SURRENDER, YOU OLD RASCAL!' SHOUTED THE CAPTAIN OF THE COAST GANG, 'OR I WILL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!'"

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

DANIEL F. WIMMS,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 29, COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DANIEL F. WIMMS is a modest and persevering pupil of Grammar School No. 29, Columbia Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The lady Principal of the school took much interest in the purpose of our visit to her school, and looked carefully over the records in making her selection of pupils. In introducing Master Daniel F. Wimms as a representative of the second grammar class, she spoke of him as a boy of exceeding promise. He was born in Brooklyn, January 4th, 1867, making him twelve years of age. He is the son of M. and B. Wimms. He entered No. 29 in the Primary Department when he was only five years old, and he has always been in the same school. He is of small stature, with a face of much amiability. We talked with him and found him an interesting and intelligent boy. There is nothing of the sluggard about him, but he has an eager diligence at all times. He is very attentive to all explanations, and he studies his lessons thoroughly. Every lesson committed to memory and mastered in his mind gives him a joyful realization that he has something more stored away for the future—something more to make him a useful and busy member of society hereafter. Young as he is, he is fully conscious that he has a duty before him, and that his future depends upon his doing it well. The faithful diligence of this boy in school is certainly worthy of all praise and imitation.

DANIEL F. WIMMS, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 29, COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OTTO HESSENBERG,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 21, M'KIBBEN STREET, NEAR EWEN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OTTO HESSENBERG is a diligent and intelligent pupil of Grammar School No. 21, M'Kibben Street, near Ewen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The school is in District No. 18, which has two other Grammar Schools of a total of some twenty-five hundred pupils. We had an opportunity to see all the classes in No. 21, and the close attention of the pupils to their studies and the careful instruction given them by the teachers were very observable. Otto Hessenberg was born in Brooklyn, April 20th, 1867, making him twelve years of age. He is the son of Isaac and Eliza Hessenberg. When six years old he commenced his studies in the Primary Department of this school, and he has been a pupil in its classes up to the present time. He is now in the fourth grammar grade. Said the Principal to us: "He is a good boy, and studies well." These few words mean a great deal, as they were said by one who had known him for years in his school life. His constant diligence and improvement, and his amiability and obedience, had drawn him into the special notice. As with this boy, so it is with all others in our schools; merit and good character are certain to be rewarded, while the reverse will bring not less notice, but with it disgrace. Hessenberg has an intelligent and amiable face. He respects his teachers, and is determined to study harder every day, so that when he goes out into the world as a man he will himself be respected.

OTTO HESSENBERG, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 21, M'KIBBEN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Young Hero of Cape Ann;

Or,

The Fishing Trip of an American Boy.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

CHAPTER XV.

STRATEGY.

BERTHA and Jenny, on visiting their quarters in the schooner's cabin, found their trunks unmolested.

In fact, none of the things aft had been disturbed.

It was different in the forecastle. There the men, on examining their chests, perceived that some of their articles of clothing were gone.

In lieu thereof, however, were the bags of the coast gang, which contained enough to make up for what was missing.

"Men," said George, after the crew had made their examination and had returned to the deck, "there will be no watch below to-night. The craft is now ours, but we may have a hard struggle to keep her in our possession. There is an English sloop-of war off there in the distance."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response.

"Two of you will go into the cabin and bring up all the muskets, pistols and ammunition you can find."

A search resulted in the finding of several good pistols, besides the six muskets belonging to the schooner.

George ordered them to be loaded and placed where the men could lay their hands on them at a moment's notice.

"I think those colony fellows have discovered before this that their vessel has been captured," said the young captain.

"Ay, they certainly must see us now," answered Old Tom, "as the mist has been cleared away for the last half hour."

As he spoke he looked toward the sloop-of-war, which was dimly visible in the distance.

George pointed his night-glass toward her.

"She is not heading this way as yet," he said.

In fact, the sloop was now standing along toward the coast, under easy sail.

"Darn me if I think they see us, after all," said Tom. "We are small, you know, and there is a little haze about here which probably conceals us."

"I think you are right, and—ay, there they go; the boat's crew of the coast gang pulling back for the shore."

Old Tom took the glass.

"I see 'em," he said. "They will soon find out what has happened now. They will pick up those two chaps who swam ashore, and they will give them an account of everything. Ay, ay, now," added Old Tom, leaning back and laughing: "I'll be darned to gracious if I wouldn't like to see the long faces of them Britishers when they hear the news!"

"We must make as good an offing as possible while we can," said George. "The colony men will try to get back to the sloop, and if they succeed, they will tell their own story, and we will have the war craft after us."

"That's so. I wish to thunder she would blow up, if she means mischief to us!"

"See!" cried Bertha, suddenly, "is not the war vessel now coming this way?"

"Phew!" ejaculated Tom; "Miss Palmer is right!"

George took a long look at the craft.

"No," he said; "she is not making for us; but she is heading up for the bay we have left."

"Why, now, what's that for?"

"I think I understand," said George. "Those rascals who boarded her must have mentioned the wreck in the bay, and have pretended that we belonged to the party of smugglers, or at least that we were associated with them. When the man-of-war's men told them about that smuggler affair, as they probably did, and of the escape of the *Falcon*, they saw their opportunity to make trouble for us, and took advantage of it in that way."

"But in my opinion, Will Brunt would have pretered to attack and scalp us all himself."

"He was probably overruled by the other—the leader of the gang, who, you will remember, seemed opposed to attacking us. He preferred to leave the sloop-of-war's people to deal with us, knowing that they would believe his story before ours."

"Ay, ay; it must be so, and we are surtainly in a pretty pickle now."

"We can at least secure a good offing before we are seen and chased."

All sail was crowded on the schooner, and she made good headway to seaward, with the water flying about her bows.

By daylight she had left the Irish coast many miles astern.

George now went aloft and swept the sea with his glass.

He could see no sign of a sail, but there was a haze away off toward the land, which would have concealed any vessel in that direction from his sight.

As the wind freshened, the mist cleared, and there, sure enough, not two leagues off, was the British sloop-of-war, heading toward the schooner, evidently in chase.

From track to deck she was one huge mass of canvas, while aloft, on her maintopgallant yards, George, with the aid of his glass, could detect the forms of some of her seamen loosening to'gallant stoddingsails.

"Darnation!" cried Old Tom, as George came down to the deck, hand-over-hand, by means of a backstay. "She'll have us soon, my boy, and all we can say won't convince those Britishers that the coast gang told a pack of lies about us."

George looked toward the coast, along which the mist was now rolling in thin clouds.

"I tell you what we'll do, Tom."

"What, my boy?"

"We'll stand in toward the shore as close as we can get. The mist is gathering thereaway again, and as a vessel of that Englishman's draught cannot keep in within half a league of us, we may escape by running along by the rocks."

"Dangerous business, George, but it is surtainly preferable to our being captured and shut up for the Lord only knows how long a time in an English hold."

George brought up a chart of the Irish coast, and after he had changed the course of his craft he studied the map carefully.

"I think we can manage it," he said, "although it will be perilous work."

The English vessel had now tacked, and was still bowling along in chase of the schooner.

She gained on her rapidly, and when within less

than a league of her, a puff of white smoke was seen to roll from her bow. It was followed by the dull booming of a gun, and a heavy shot passed over the bow of the *Columbia*, as an intimation for her to heave to.

"No, thank you!" cried Old Tom, shaking his clinched fist toward the pursuing craft. "We'll get the best of you yet, and show you what vartue there is in Yankee pine and hemlock."

As the *Columbia* dashed on, another shot came whizzing along, passing between the main and foremasts.

The schooner was now making good headway toward the fog gathering along shore, and the Englishman was evidently afraid of losing sight of her.

Three shots in rapid succession were sent after the little craft, but not one took effect.

"I'll put an end to this work if I can," said George. "Up with our colors, Old Tom!"

"Ay, ay!" answered Tom, and a moment later up went the American flag at the gaff.

The sloop-of-war now stopped firing, but, nevertheless, she still kept on in chase.

"D—n 'em!" cried Tom; "they don't believe us. That infernal coast gang have done their work. They have told 'em that, although we are Americans, we are in league with the smugglers."

By this time the schooner was concealed from the sloop-of-war by the fog.

Standing on the bow, as he now headed the craft along shore, George gave his instructions to the man at the wheel.

In the course of a few hours the vessel had passed the bay where lay the wreck, and was close upon the one where the young captain and Old Tom had regained possession of the *Columbia*.

It will be perceived by this that, after entering the fog-bank, George had veered round and headed in a direction opposite to that pursued by the war craft, in the hope of thus eluding her.

Both he and Tom were congratulating themselves upon the success of this ruse, when they were startled by the shrill piping of a boatswain's whistle directly abeam, proving that their manœuvre had been suspected by the Englishman, and that he was running along on a course parallel with their own.

In this dilemma the young captain at once decided what to do.

The mainsail and foresail were noiselessly lowered, and the speed of the craft thus lessened, so that the war-vessel could get some distance ahead.

When he thought a sufficient time had elapsed for this purpose, George suddenly wore round and stood along on an opposite course, with the wind directly abeam.

He had not proceeded far, however, when all at once the wind began to die away.

Tom and he exchanged glances of dismay.

The young captain had soundings made at once, and discovered that the water was every moment becoming shallower, proving that the current was gradually drawing the schooner in toward the rocks.

Hitherto the wind, which had been about north-west, had been favorable to him, but now it was dying away so fast that there was scarcely enough to fill his sails.

As the last puff rattled the canvas, he lowered both boats and set his men to towing.

They were making some head against the current, and George had already noticed a fresh puff from the northeast, proving that the calm was only momentary, and was to be succeeded by a change of wind.

As he was anxious to take advantage of the wind at once, he ordered Coleman, who had charge of the towing boats, to get up the lug-sails and head along on the starboard tack away from the land, so that he could pick him up after he should have got her her away from the rocks.

Coleman obeyed, and so thick was now the mist that he had gone only a few fathoms when he was hidden from the gaze of the captain and Old Tom, who were now the only two men aboard.

When about two hundred yards further from the rocks George came up into the wind and blew a light blast on the foghorn, as a signal for the boats to come aboard.

"Do you see anything of them, Tom?" he inquired of his friend.

"Ay, ay! here they come!" answered Tom.

George went below to look at the barometer, which was in his room.

Then he turned into a small room in which he kept his pea-jacket, now intending to put it on.

At the same moment there was a loud yell, followed by hoarse voices and the rattling of small arms.

This was succeeded by the noise of a falling body —of that of Old Tom, as he rolled down the cabin steps with a stream of blood trickling from his right temple!

George was about to rush from the room he had entered, when the door was closed by Bertha, who, on hearing the tumult, had looked through the cabin window.

"There has been a mistake," she cried, hurriedly; "those are not our boats! We are boarded by a cutter's crew from the sloop-of-war, and also by the coast gang, with Will Brunt at their head! Keep quiet, George, and make no noise. Those coast men would kill you the moment they saw you."

"No, no; let me out!" cried George. "Quick!"

But Bertha refused.

"I will not have you harmed," she said, decidedly. "As to me and Jenny, they dare not hurt us. For my sake keep quiet—at least for the present—and in that way you may, with my assistance, find an opportunity for retaking the craft."

This was good advice.

Nevertheless, George chafed in confinement at such a time.

But Bertha had now gone to her own room, to be with Jenny.

At the same moment the boy heard the voice of Old Tom.

"It's all right, George," he said. "I'm not killed yet, thanks to gracious! But one of their infernal bullets struck me on the temple and almost stunned me. Keep quiet where you are, my boy, if you want to do any good. They won't find you there."

In fact, the room which the youth now occupied was a secret compartment, the door of which was closed and opened by a spring on the outside, partially concealed by the panel-work of the wainscot.

George had intended it for a place in which to conceal any private papers or valuables which he might chance to have aboard, but he also used it for a clothes-press.

Now he was about to reply to his friend when he heard the tramp of footsteps on deck, followed by the shouting of voices, amongst which he fancied he could distinguish the tones of Will Brunt.

A moment later the boarding-party came thronging into the cabin.

"Surrender, you old rascal!" shouted the captain of the coast-gang, "or I will blow out your brains!"

"They are too good, at any rate, to be blown out, I calculate," answered Tom; "and, seeing as I can't do any better under the circumstances, I suppose I must give myself up."

The officer who had come in charge of the cutter was a young man, a fine-looking fellow, with dark eyes and a resolute face.

"No violence here," he said, as Will Brunt raised the butt of his pistol to deal Tom a blow on the head.

He caught Will's arm as he spoke, and that person, scowling with baffled rage, at once lowered his weapon.

"My temper will get the better of me," he said. "The rascally thief stole this craft from us, you must remember."

"It's a darned lie, lieutenant!" cried Tom, addressing the English officer. "The shoe's on t'other foot. He and his infernal party stole the vessel from us. That you can tell by the name. Whoever heard of an Englishman calling his craft the *Columbia*?"

"The thief would pretend this if he could," said Brunt. "As to the name, it pleased us, and so we had it put on the stern."

The young lieutenant looked a little puzzled.

"You belong to the gang of Irish smugglers," he said to Tom. "That, of course, is against you, and proves that the accusation of this man is true."

"It proves nothing of the sort," said Tom. "I nor my shipmates ain't anything to those smugglers any more than a codfish is to a shark. Don't you believe what they tell you, lieutenant."

"But," said the lieutenant, "you cannot deny that you are of the same party who got that vessel away from us after we had captured it—that craft which now lies aground in the bay below here."

"Ay, ay, but I can soon tell you how that happened," said Tom.

He thereupon gave a full explanation of the whole occurrence, and did not omit to speak also of the villainy which had been practiced against him and his shipmates by the coast gang from the day they left Gloucester Harbor.

Will Brunt and the leader of the party to which he belonged denied the truth of the old fisherman's story, declaring that he had told a pack of lies.

They were so earnest in their denial that the lieutenant was more inclined to believe their statement than that of the American.

"Where are the rest of your men?" said he, sternly. "I suppose they have made their escape?"

"I can't tell you where they are," said Tom; adding, angrily, "and blast me if I would if I could!"

At that moment Bertha and Jenny made their appearance.

At sight of the beautiful girl the lieutenant took off his cap and bowed.

"It is all true what this person has told you," she said. "This is a Gloucester vessel; these people," looking toward the coast-gang, "have persecuted us from the first."

The lieutenant was too polite to say he did not believe her.

He turned to Old Tom.

"If this is your craft," he said, "you should be able to show us papers to prove it."

Tom shook his head.

"It is our own craft," he said, "but all the papers we had were lost at the time she was scuttled. The water came in and spoiled 'em all."

The lieutenant looked grave, and the men of the coast-gang glanced at him significantly.

"This thing will have to be inquired into," he said. "Can you tell me," he added, turning to Bertha, "where I will find the captain and the rest of the crew of this vessel?"

"No, sir. I will not tell you that!" answered Bertha, spiritedly.

The lieutenant inclined his head.

"They cannot be far off," he said to a midshipman who was with him.

"I should think not, sir," was the reply. "They evidently have taken to the boats."

"We will go and look for them," said the lieutenant. "Meanwhile," he added, turning to the leader of the coast-gang, "you will lay off and on, waiting for us."

"Very well, sir."

"Until our return this man," indicating Old Tom, "had better be confined in the hold. Understand, however, that no violence is to be offered him; and also, that these lads are to be respectfully treated. If I learn otherwise when I come back you shall be held accountable for it."

"Yes, sir," answered the person addressed. "We will do as you say. We have no ill will against these Americans at all, except that we want them to give up our property to us."

"What a confounded rascal you are!" cried Old Tom. "The devil himself would turn white to hear such a tarnal liar."

Some of the gang now led him into the hold, where the hatches were closed and fastened above him.

Then the lieutenant, taking with him all the men of the cutter, started to look for the boats.

Bertha and Jenny were now made to enter their room, and were locked in.

During the conversation in the cabin, George, in the secret apartment, had remained silent, concluding that, after all, it was best for him to keep his presence aboard the vessel unknown to those who had captured her, as some chance might possibly occur for him to repossess himself of his craft.

But how was he to get out of the room in which he was now confined?

He could hear Will Brunt and some of the other men talking in the cabin, as they were near the secret door of the apartment, their low voices reached him through the thin panel-work.

"No," Brunt was saying, "we must try and give those man-of-war fellows the slip. There must be no inquiry made into these things. In the end the truth would certainly be discovered."

"Ay, ay! that's so," answered the captain of the gang; "but how are we to do it without being suspected?"

"Easily. The wind is freshening. We can stand away from the coast and, of course, if we afterward fall in with the sloop-of-war, we can pretend that we missed the cutter in the fog; that we obeyed the lieutenant's directions and waited for him, but that, as he did not come, and we were afraid to remain too near the coast, we had at last headed away from it, hoping, however, to fall in with the sloop on the next day, or at some future time."

"A good plan," said the colony captain.

"Of course, if possible, we will avoid meeting the sloop," continued Brunt.

"Yes. It will require nice steering to get away as far as possible from the coast," said the captain. "Have a good man at the wheel, Brunt."

"Ay, ay, sir; I'll go on deck at once to see to that."

Hours passed.

The tedium of his confinement in that small room was terrible to George.

Meanwhile, by the noise of the vessel, as she glided on through the water, he knew that she was being headed away from the coast, under everything she could carry.

At length, looking at a watch which he carried, the young man perceived that it was now night.

This was the time for action, if he could devise any plan for the capture of the craft.

While he was trying to think of something, he heard the voices of Brunt and the colony captain again in the cabin.

"How far are we now from the coast?" inquired Brunt.

"By my calculation, I should say we are about fifty miles from it," was the reply. "If the wind hadn't moderated at noon, we would be twice that distance. It needs good steering, now, to make the most of the breeze before it dies entirely away. I will take the wheel myself for a few hours."

"And I will relieve you," said Brunt.

"Good."

"Will you take the wheel now?"

"Not just yet. I will first go on deck and have a look; then I will come below here for a smoke, after which I will be up to steer."

Both men now went on deck, leaving the cabin deserted.

Scarcely were they gone when George heard the cautious unlocking of a door, followed by a light footstep and the rustling of a dress. Then the secret spring in the paneling clicked, and the door opened, revealing to George the lovely form and face of Bertha.

"Thank fortune for this!" said the young man. "How did you get out of your room?"

"Hist! we must speak very low," said Bertha. "Jenny searched her trunk, and at last discovered a key, which, on trying it, she found would fit the lock. I have come to bring you some provisions," she added, "which Jenny had with her in the room."

As she spoke she held out a dish containing some cakes, baked on the day before, and a bottle in which was some cold tea.

"Jenny is a great lover of tea, you know," she added, "and she always has a teapot of it in her apartment."

"A thousand thanks," said George. "Not having tasted food since morning, I am hungry."

"You must let me shut you in here again," said Bertha. "I must go at once. Those men will be back again in a moment."

"No, Bertha," said George, "you need not fasten me in. I will keep the door shut, but I will not close it tight."

"Then you will be discovered."

"No, I don't think it will be noticed."

"It certainly will," said Bertha.

"No. I have a plan. The man who acts as captain of the gang aboard will be down here in a few minutes. Before he can discover the door I shall be upon him."

"What do you mean to do, George? Oh, pray don't sacrifice your life in any attempt to regain possession of the vessel. Remember there is no other man to help you. What can you do all alone?"

As she spoke she laid one little hand on his arm, and looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

She stood so close to him and looked so charming, that George was loath to have her leave him.

"And if anything serious should happen to me," he said, "you must try to quit this vessel."

"Leave it!" she faltered. "Were you lost, I could never know another happy moment. I would not care then if they killed me."

"Nothing will happen to me," said George, hopefully. "My plan is a good one. If I get possession of the vessel again, I hope to soon fall in with the rest of my men, and continue the search for your father."

"I would not have you run the risk of death, even for him," she said.

"We will find him, Bertha; something tells me we will, and after that—after you and he meet, and we part, may I venture to hope that you will permit me to come and see you sometimes? To tell the truth," he added, frankly, "I could not be contented away from you!"

"Why?" inquired Bertha, although a conscious look upon her half-averted face indicated that this was only to induce him to say more.

[To be continued.]

"The Young Hero of Cape Ann" was commenced in No. 675.

SECOND SIGHT,

AS PRACTICED BY ROBERT HELLER, EXPLAINED.

THE APPENDIX AND KEYS.

ALPHABET.

A is H	J is L	S is N
B is T	K is Pray	T is P
C is S	L is C	U is Look
D is G	M is O	V is I
E is F	N is D	W is R
F is E	O is V	X is See this
G is A	P is J	Y is Q
H is I	Q is W	Z is Hurry
I is B	R is M	

Hurry up—Repeat last letter.

NUMBERS.

1 is Say or Speak.	7 is Please or Pray.
2 is Be, Look or Let.	8 is Are or Ain't.
3 is Can or Can't.	9 is Now.
4 is Do or Don't.	10 is Tell.
5 is Will or Won't.	0 is Hurry or Come.
6 is What.	

"Well" is to repeat the last figure.

COLORS.

1 is White.	5 is Red.
2 is Black.	6 is Green.
3 is Blue.	7 is Yellow.
4 is Brown.	8 is Gray.

THE METALS.

1—Gold.	6—Iron.
2—Silver.	7—Tin.
3—Brass.	8—Platina.
4—Copper.	9—Steel
5—Lead.	

THE SETTING.

1—Diamond.	6—Garnet.
2—Ruby.	7—Emerald.
3—Pearl.	8—Turquoise.
4—Amethyst.	9—Carbuncle.
5—Onyx.	10—Topaz.
The Stone—Opal.	The Stone—Quartz.

OF WHAT.

[This set to describe the sex, etc., of the pictures.]

1—Lady.	6—Group.
2—Gentleman.	7—Animal.
3—Boy.	8—Drawing.
4—Girl.	9—Sketch.
5—Child.	

COUNTRIES.

1—America.	6—Italy.
2—England.	7—Spain.
3—France.	8—Canada.
4—Germany.	9—Foreign.
5—Russia.	10—Mexico.

THE MATERIAL.

1—Wood.	6—Rubber.
2—Stone.	7—Glass.
3—Marble.	8—Bone.
4—Bronze.	9—Ivory.
5—Lava.	10—China.

THE FABRIC.

1—Silk.	6—Leather.
2—Wool.	6—Kid.
3—Cotton.	7—Buckskin.
4—Linen.	8—Lace.

WATCHES.

The maker's name?
Or what company's make?
[This is to tell the maker's name of watches.]

1—American Watch Co.	6—Johnson.
2—Waltham Watch Co.	6—Swiss.
3—Elgin Watch Co.	8—
4—Dueber Watch Co.	9—
5—Tobias.	10—

FIRST SET.

What article is this?

1—Handkerchief.	6—Basket.
2—Neckerchief.	7—Boot.
3—Bag.	8—Comforter
4—Glove.	9—Head-dress.
5—Purse.	10—Fan.

SECOND SET.

What is this?

1—Watch.	6—Necklace.
2—Bracelet.	7—Ring.
3—Guard.	8—Rosary.
4—Chain.	9—Cross.
5—Breastpin.	10—Charm.

THIRD SET.

What may this be?

1—Hat.	6—Muff.
2—Cap.	7—Cape.
3—Bonnet.	8—Boa.
4—Cuff.	9—Inkstand.
5—Collar.	10—Mucilage.

FOURTH SET.

What is here?

1—Pipe.	6—Tobacco-box.
2—Cigar.	7—Tobacco-pouch.
3—Cigar-holder.	8—Match.
4—Cigarette.	9—Match-box.
5—Tobacco.	10—Cigar-lighter.

FIFTH SET.

What have I here?

1—Spectacles.	6—Opera-glass case.
2—Spectacle-case.	7—Magnifying-glass.
3—Eyeglass.	8—Telescope.
4—Eyeglass-case.	9—Compass.
5—Opera-glass.	10—Corkscrew.

[To be continued.]

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF "JACK HANKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

(Continued from page 206.)

MR. BREWSTER triumphantly produced the warrant for his arrest.

"You're not going to lock the boy up-to-night?" said Rollalong.

"Why not?"

"The police-station at Amboy is not fit to put a dog in."

"It's good enough for him," replied Brewster, callously.

"By thunder, Brewster, I'll get even with you for this!"

"Ah, pshaw! there is law to protect me. If you threaten me, I'll have you bound over to keep the peace."

Rollalong bit his lip and choked back an angry retort.

"I'll go bail for the boy."

"No, you won't."

"What's to prevent me?"

"There is no judge accessible to-night, and if there were I'd oppose the application."

"Officer," said Rollalong, "there's Judge Tappan, in Smith Street. We can get him up if he has gone to bed, and I can make an application."

"Well," said the officer, "we'll go along that way."

"Go straight to the station-house!" thundered Brewster.

"Follow me," exclaimed the policeman to the fisherman.

"I'll have justice. It's my due," continued Brewster.

Like Shylock, he wanted his pound of flesh.

The law gave it him, and he meant to exact it to the utmost letter of the law.

They went up the road and got into Smith Street, near the Packer House, turning down on the left and stopping in front of a little house.

The policeman walked up some steps and knocked at a door.

At length a window was thrown up.

A night-capped head protruded.

"Who's there?" asked the owner of the night-cap.

"Me," replied the policeman.

"Oh! it's you, Jimmy?"

"Yes, judge."

"What's the muss?"

"Mr. Brewster's given young Rollalong in charge on a warrant, and I've got him."

"Oh, I remember the case. What's wanted?"

"Hadn't you better come down a minute, judge?"

"Hold on. I'll come, Jimmy."

The utmost friendship and familiarity seemed to exist between the judge and the policeman.

In a short time the door was half opened, and a tall, lanky, angular man, in a dressing-gown and slippers, still elegantly night-capped, appeared on the threshold.

This was the judge, who kept a small candy-store, and in the intervals of his judicial business, which was very light, retailed candy to the children of the town in one and two-cent sticks.

"Well, well," he said, impatiently, "what is it? Hurry up; I'm cold."

"I want bail," said Rollalong.

"I oppose it," said Brewster, sharply.

"Bail for the boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"I can't take it to-night. You must make your application formally in the court-house to-morrow."

"Judge," said Rob, "I won't run away."

"Shan't give you the chance, my boy."

"He ran away once, judge, and he'll leg it again," said Brewster.

"Not if I know it," replied the judge.

"What shall I do?" asked the policeman.

"We'll hold him, Jimmy. Lock him up safe," was the reply.

"Judge," said Rollalong, determined to make a final effort.

"Can't talk any more now. I'm cold."

The fisherman slipped a bill into the judge's hand.

"What's this?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Ten," replied Rollalong.

"H'm!" said the judge. "Now I come to think of it, Jimmy, it's very damp and chilly in that station-house, isn't it?"

"Guess it's all that, judge."

"Not much of a place to put any one in?"

"That's so."

"Well, well. If the father will hold himself answerable for the boy, I think we can let him go home to-night, eh? Say, Rollalong, will you be up at the court-house to-morrow?"

"Yes, judge."

"Honest? You're responsible."

"You know me, judge."

"Well, good-night."

"But here, this isn't justice. He'll skip. I want justice!" roared Brewster, who was foaming with rage.

He did not witness the little transaction between the judge and Rollalong, resulting in the transference from the latter to the former of the trifling consideration of ten dollars, but he guessed it.

However, it was too late to remedy it.

He should have been first with his money, and he would have been, only he loved his money dearly, and did not like to part with it.

The judge closed the door and ascended the stairs to his bedroom, chuckling over the little bit of business he had done.

He wouldn't have cared if somebody woke him up every night to the same tune.

It was more profitable than candy-selling.

"Good night," said the policeman.

Rollalong slipped a bill into his hand, in return for his kindness.

"That makes you and me square, Jimmy," he said, in a low tone.

"Don't give it away. He's watching us mighty sharp," replied the policeman, in a similar voice, as he indicated Brewster by a movement of his hand.

"No fear," answered the fisherman.

Brewster was in a towering rage.

"You've played a po'nt on me," he said, shaking his fist at father and son. "But I'll get up sticks with you. Curse you both!"

"Take it out of that, boss," exclaimed Rob, rolling a big stone against his legs."

"Oh, you young viper! I'll make you smart for this!" screamed Brewster.

"Oh, go and shoot yourself," replied Rob.

Brewster walked off home, cursing and swearing as if he was no church-member.

Father and son quickly retraced their steps to their house. Rob congratulating himself that he had escaped being locked up, though he was much exercised as he thought of his enemy's threats, and wondered what the morning would produce.

When they reached home Mr. Rollalong said:

"Rob, if you like to go to sea again, I'll stand the racket."

The offer was tempting.

But Rob was a boy of honor.

"No, father," he exclaimed; "I'll stand my trial. You've given your word for me to appear to-morrow, and I shouldn't like to go back on you."

"It appears to me that they can't do much to you."

"Perhaps not."

"Well, you can please yourself."

"I'll appear."

This was final.

Having settled matters thus, they retired to rest.

Rob was unable to sleep well, and he rose at daybreak.

Scarcely was he up than Kedge made his appearance.

"Hello, Kedge! What brings you here?" asked Rob.

"I heard," replied Kedge, "that Brewster had spotted you, and I was also told that your mother was sick."

"She's dead, Kedge."

"My, that's bad! It struck me you'd be in trouble, so I came on here, asking where you lived, thinking you might want me."

"It's very kind of you," replied Rob.

In course of conversation Rob told him all that had happened, and together they lighted the fire and got breakfast ready.

When it was time to go to the court-house Rob and Kedge went together, leaving Mr. Rollalong at home.

It was ten o'clock when Kedge returned, alone. Old Rollalong was very anxious.

When he saw Kedge by himself his worst fears were realized.

"Where's the boy?" he asked, in tremulous accents.

"Jugged," replied Kedge, laconically.

"Never!"

"It's a fact. Brewster appeared against him and earwigged the judge. Rob's sent up to New Brunswick, and from there he is to be transferred to the schoolship."

"H——!" muttered Rollalong.

"I was real mad," said Kedge. "But I promised Rob I'd get him away somehow."

"How long's he got to go for?"

"Two years."

"It's rough. Where's the school-ship now?"

"Off Hart's Island. She's called the *Mercury*. I've seen her."

"Poor boy! If his duty hadn't called him to his poor mother's side he'd have been all right."

"Yes."

"Well, it can't be helped! I'm to blame for it all. If I hadn't taken him up to Brewster to be licked for hooking those cherries this wouldn't have happened. I'm a miserable man—wife and child both gone."

"Don't take on, sir," said Kedge. "I'll work to get Rob out, and we'll go to sea together."

"I'm afraid you'll have a difficult job," said Rollalong.

"Rob wanted to see you, but they wouldn't send for you, and he's gone with the officer to the prison at Brunswick," replied Kedge.

Kedge tried to comfort the bereaved father, but without much success.

He was very much cast down.

At noon he went out in his boat, rowing round Staten Island point, and saying he was going to Keyport.

He never came back.

The next day his dead body was picked up off the North Shore.

People said he had committed suicide.

But the coroner's jury found that there was no evidence to show how he had come into the water.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollalong were buried in the same grave.

Kedge went to Brunswick and told Rob the dreadful news.

He was an orphan.

Late in the day he was removed to the school-ship *Mercury*, lying off Hart's Island, in the Sound, and the only comfort he had in life was Kedge's promise that he would work to get him out.

Though it was hard to say how he could manage to escape from the ship.

If Vango was right in his prediction, the boy had less than six years to live.

Two of these years were to be passed on board a floating prison.

It was not a cheering prospect.

He thought of Hattie, and the hold Vango had got on her affections.

At the same time it was some pleasure to think that the villain Vango was a cripple for life.

No one could say what the future would bring forth.

But the poor boy was sick at heart, and hope almost died away in his breast.

CHAPTER XV.

COENTIES SLIP.

IT was a dark night. As dark as pitch.

"You couldn't see your hand before your face, as the sailors say.

A thin November drizzle rendered the air thick and moist, and added to the impenetrable darkness.

No one who could avoid it was out of doors.

Even the hard-worked city clerk had trudged gloomily homeward through the rain to enjoy the comfort of the fireside. It was eleven o'clock.

Six bells had struck on board the ships lying in the East River, and the South street saloons were doing a scanty business.

In that quaint corner of New York called Coenties Slip was, and is, a tavern, kept by a Dutchman named Hans Sharter.

A few sailors were playing "in the hole" at a table; others were drinking something stronger than beer at the bar, and a boy was standing against the window, his hands in his pockets, looking as drowsy as they at the cards.

"Give yer two," exclaimed one of the card-players.

"No," replied the dealer.

"Give yer four—give yer six."

"No."

"Then pitch it yourself."

The dealer threw down a spade, and, as the game progressed, exclaimed:

"I'm high, low and the game. That puts me out."

"Two hours' play and not a chalk against yer," replied his opponent. "What sort of luck do yer call that?"

"It's good enough for me," replied the player.

He got up, stretched himself and walked to the bar.

"I've five drinks coming," he exclaimed. "Give me a bourbon sour and four cigars."

"You're high-priced," cried his opponent, who overheard this. "Why don't yer give the boss a shipping order at once. Ain't we playin' for five-cent drinks?"

"I can pay the difference, I suppose," answered the man.

"Oh, well, if yer talk like that, I've no more to say," was the reply.

After getting his drink and the cigars, the winner walked up to the boy to whom we have alluded.

"Say, Kedge!" he exclaimed.

The boy started and looked up.

"What's that, cap?" he replied.

"You're going on some wild-goose chase, I'll bet. Why don't you confide in me?"

"I didn't like to, sir."

"Oh, pshaw! We've made one short voyage together on board the *J. B. Astor*, and I've seen enough of you in that time to like you as a good fellow and a thorough seaman."

The speaker was Captain Brown, of the sailing ship *J. B. Astor*, then lying in dock at the foot of Coenties Slip.

She had just completed taking in cargo.

Her next voyage was a long one.

She had to go round Cape Horn to Hong Kong, in China, and the time of year was not the most favorable for navigating the Pacific.

"You've met me as third officer, sir," said Kedge, "and I'm grateful for all your kindness."

"Have I ever refused you a request?"

"Never."

"Didn't I say yesterday that you could ship your friend as first-class boy?—which, of course, don't mean much on board a merchantman. But if he's smart, he'll get on. We must walk before we can run, eh?"

"That's so, sir."

"Well, then, what have you got on your mind?"

"I'm thinking of my friend."

"What! don't you bring him along? We sail to-morrow morning, as you know, and I should think there was no time to be lost; but perhaps you are waiting for him?"

"In a manner, I am."

"Why doesn't he come? Ignens he's no snoozer. Has he a mother who hangs on to him till the last moment?"

"No, sir."

"A father, then?"

"He's an orphan."

"Then he's just the lad for a sailor, as he has no ties ashore," replied Captain Brown. "Go and fetch him. Hurry him up. We'll have no time for shoeing in the morning."

"I'm going to fetch him, sir," answered Kedge.

"Lose no time. Does he live far from here?"

"Some considerable distance."

The captain looked straight into our old friend Kedge Anchor's eyes.

"Kedge, my boy," he exclaimed, kindly, but firmly, "you and me will be bad friends if you don't heave this ballast off your mind. Who and what is your friend?"

"Rob Rollalong's his name, sir."

"Where is he?"

Kedge hesitated.

"Come, now," said Captain Brown. "No foolishness. Answer me, and speak the truth."

"I always do that, cap."

"Yes; I'll allow that."

"There's nothing mean about me. I'm no slouch," said Kedge.

"That's right enough. Keep up your reputation. Speak the truth fearlessly and like a man, or I'll never speak a friendly word to you again."

"Rob Rollalong is on board the *Mercury*."

"Schoolship?"

"Yes, sir."

"——!" exclaimed the captain. "I don't want any rejoue like that on board my craft."

A look of displeasure crossed his fine, open countenance.

Presently he added:

"What's he there for?"

"Committed from New Brunswick, sir, for hooking a capful of cherries."

"Is this the honest, poor lad?"

"As God's my judge, sir," replied Kedge, ingenuously.

"Then more shame for them that sent him up, that's all I've got to say. Come, spin your yarn. Let me know all about it."

Kedge informed Captain Brown of all that had happened to Rob Rollalong, which we need not repeat, as it has already been set forth in the previous chapters of this eventful history.

"I feel kinder warm toward that young one," said the captain, at the conclusion of Kedge's yarn.

"If you know him, sir, you'd have to like him."

"Have you seen him since he has been sent up?"

"Not often, sir. I got an order before I sailed with you on the last trip, and I've been aboard the *Mercury* twice since I've been ashore this time."

"What thundering rascals that Captain Spike and his lieutenant Vango must have been!"

"They were all that."

"And the owners were little better. My word! what a lot of villainy there is in this world! I've always thought that the good boys were afloat and the thieves on land."

"You have had and good everywhere, sir," said Kedge.

"That's as true as gospel. Well, now, tell me all about your plan of escape; for, of course, you're going to get your friend away to night."

"That's my intention, sir."

"How's it to be done?"

"I've hired a boat at the foot of Sixty-sixth Street, sir," answered Kedge. "So I'm off right away up-town on a Third Avenue car."

"Well?"

"I shall scull her through Hell Gate, and get up to Hart's Island."

"Is the ship lying off there?"

"That's where she's anchored."

"Just come off a cruise, if I remember rightly."

"A month or six weeks back, sir," said Kedge; "and I have arranged with Rob for him to slip overboard and swim toward me when he sees me hoist a green light over a red."

"Good!" said Captain Brown. "It's a real dirty night, and he may give the officer of the watch the slip. I hope he will, I'm sure."

"Thank you, sir."

"You have my hearty good wishes for your success. And say, Kedge."

"What's that, sir?"

"Whatever happens, don't you fail to be on board to-morrow. We can't sail without you."

Kedge smiled faintly at the implied compliment.

"I'll be there, cap. You never saw me running after I signed articles—that's not me."

"Go in and win. Nail your colors to the mast. Conquer or sink. You know what Drake wrote?"

"No, sir; I'm not heavy on poetry."

"He says:

> 'When freedom from the mountain height
> Unfurled her standard to the air;
> She tore the azure robe of night,
> And set the stars of glory there.'

Isn't that neat—eh?"

"Very pretty, sir."

"You've got to bring Rob," continued Captain Brown, who was a fine, open-hearted fellow, and thought it no sin or crime for a boy to escape from the school-ship, especially when he was kept there for such a trivial offense.

"I'll do my level best," answered Kedge.

"If you come back without him you'll have to hang your tail at half mast.

Kedge laughed.

"I'm no botcher, sir," he said, "and I won't say anything. If I succeed, all well and good; if I don't, you can say I blowed on the thing."

"Not at all. You're like the boy who went for a pie in a bakery window."

"Did he get it, sir?"

"He would have done so, only the patrolman stopped him, and as he was being taken away to the place where they board and lodge you for nothing, he said, 'I don't believe I want any of that pie.'"

"I shall go clean ahead of that boy, sir."

"How?" asked the captain.

"If I can't get Rob, they won't take me."

"Don't do anything rash," said Captain Brown.

"I've got a pistol," replied Kedge, "and I can bite as well as bark."

"Give it here."

Kedge handed the captain a pistol, of a very ancient make, which he had bought in Chatham Street.

It was a Colt, made in the year '54.

"I don't say that this thing's likely to bust, and I don't say that you couldn't hit a haystack at ten yards' distance," exclaimed the captain, with an amused expression.

"It's good enough, sir. First you put on the cap, then you fill in the powder, and ram home the ball. It's simple enough," said Kedge, rather annoyed at Captain Brown's want of appreciation of his new purchase, for which he had paid the sum of six and a half dollars only two hours before.

"This pistol is like one that a friend of mine had."

"Didn't it carry true, sir?"

"It had a way of shooting round corners, my boy."

"How was that, sir?"

"My friend made a mark on a tree. He fired at that mark."

"And he hit it, sir?"

"No; on the contrary, he hit a mule that was grazing peacefully some yards off."

"Now you're joking, cap," said Kedge.

"On the word of a man, I'm not. The owner of that mule came out and kicked up a muss. He had a double-barreled shot-gun with him, and though my friend had no earthly use for, and didn't want that mule, the owner persuaded him to buy it." Kedge laughed.

"Give me the shooting-iron," he said.

"No, I'll do nothing of the sort. I'll take care of it for you till the morning. Boys have no business with pistols, and if you should come in collision with the officers of the *Mercury*, it is best for you not to be armed."

"Just as you say, sir."

Kedge submitted, but a look of disappointment crossed his face.

"You're not a bloodthirsty brigand of a boy," continued the captain. "You don't want to look at every man who crosses you as if you were a tiger, and exclaim, 'You're my meat!' It's better to run than shoot."

"All right, sir. If I'm pursued I'll put a deal of real estate between me and those after me."

"That's sensible. Never yearn to assist at another man's funeral," said Captain Brown.

"I only want to get a hold of Rob Rollalong," said Kedge; "and I wish I may die in my tracks and rot in my boots if I'll leave any stone unturned to do it."

"Off with you, then. Time is flying. I know what a Third Avenue car is. Step out lively."

"Good night, sir," replied Kedge.

The captain shook his hand warmly, and Kedge, opening the door of the saloon, passed out into the wet and murky night.

Coenties Slip was deserted.

He pulled the collar of his jacket up about his ears, and walked up into Beaver Street, and so on to the City Hall, where he found a car just starting.

Jumping inside and shaking the rain off his clothes, he sat down on a vacant seat, to brood over the enterprise he had taken in hand.

He loved Rob as a brother.

He had solemnly promised to try his hardest to get him out of the school-ship, which, to a boy like Rob, was a little-hell upon earth.

When Kedge Anchor promised anything, you can stake high that he would keep his word.

He thought of the difference between a real sea life and such a one as Rob had been compelled to lead lately.

The school-ship was about confined to loosing and setting the foretopsail, the maintopsail, mizzentopsail, fore-topgallantsail, main-topgallantsail and mizzen-topgallantsail.

Then, by a way of a change, furling them again.

And to vary the amusement, crossing the royals, so that they might show their proficiency when any one came to inspect them from on shore.

The rest of the time was spent with the schoolmaster.

There was no playing "hookey" on board that dismal ship.

No fun in the streets or in the fields with his companions, for the watch and ward on board the floating prison was well kept.

Few of the boys had friends who would care to take them away, even for a day's recreation.

Few would have been allowed to go, even if they had.

Kedge was filled with pity for his young friend, and his heart beat proudly with the idea that before dawn of day he would have succeeded in extricating him from his unpleasant position.

When the slowly-crawling car at length reached the street at the end of which Kedge had hired a boat during the day, he got out and walked down to the East River.

The wind howled and tore under the brim of his hat.

The rain beat down and was hurled into his face by the whistling wind.

Down the gutter of the street ran a torrent of water, and owing to the irregularity of the sidewalk, he constantly stumbled into pools of slush.

But these were trifles light as air to a boy like Kedge.

He was not salt nor sugar, and rain couldn't hurt him, if it wetted him to the skin a dozen times over.

And as for the wind, it made music in his ears.

Often and often on deck at night, far, far away from land, the wind had spoken to the poor, nameless orphan boy as it shrieked through the straining cordage, and swept the decks like a thing of evil.

It bade him hope and look forward to a happy future by doing his duty in an arduous present.

The boat was where its owner, from whom he had hired it, had promised it should be.

Drawn up on the beach, sculls in her and everything ready.

Kedge had the two lanterns in his coat-pockets.

It was very dark, and he would have liked to use them; but, as of all, he knew that the light of a lantern on a dark night only really puzzles a sailor.

He was better without them.

They were, however, to be used as signals, and lighting them, so as to be ready against the time he wanted them, he placed them in a locker in the stern of the boat.

During the storm she had shipped considerable water, so he tilted her up on one side, letting it run out, this being a quicker way than bailing.

Then he got in, seized the sculls, and began to row up the East River toward Hell Gate.

He was careful not to go too near the upper portion of Blackwell's Island, for he was afraid the river-police might interfere with him.

If they caught him they would hold him till morning, and he would lose the chance of rescuing Rob, as well as that of sailing in his own ship in the early part of the day.

He could see the dark, sombre-looking buildings devoted to the lunatics frowning in the storm.

It might have been his fancy, but he thought he heard many a piercing cry, uttered in the awful seclusion of those living graves.

With renewed energy he sculled along.

Fortunately, he had the stream with him, and being strong and muscular, he mounted over the crests of the waves and soon left the lights of Blackwell's Island behind him, without any challenge or molestation from the police, who, instead of being in their galleys, were much more likely playing euchre or seven-up in their boat-houses.

At length Kedge saw the dim outline of the school-ship anchored in the stream.

He had carefully marked her position during his two visits to Rob, so as to render it impossible he should make a mistake.

Getting as near as he dared, he lay to on his oars and drifted.

Two bells!

It was one o'clock in the morning.

"Bully!" said Kedge to himself. "I've done better than I expected. Now to see if Rob is on the lookout."

He shipped the sculls, creeping aft to get the lanterns.

These, as we have said, were already alight and fit for the use he intended to put them to.

"Green above the red," continued Kedge, talking to himself. "I'm a loyal Irish boy, I am. We only want a harp without a crown."

He hoisted up the red lamp and fixed it in the bows.

For a minute he left it exposed, and then he elevated the green over it.

Dark as the night was, the signal was easily to be seen by eyes that were looking out for it as eagerly as were Rob Rollalong's.

Kedge put his hand to his ear and listened intently.

He fancied he heard a slight splash from amidships the *Mercury*.

But he could not be sure.

With painful anxiety he continued to listen, and at last, to his great joy, he distinctly heard the regular strokes of some one swimming toward him.

The boat was drifting with the stream.

To stop this and lessen the exertions of the swimmer, he set down the green light which he had been holding in his hands, and seized the sculls.

The lights of the school-ship were hazily visible in the distance.

ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"'I'M HERE, ROB!' EXCLAIMED KEDGE. 'TAKE IT EASY, DON'T BUST YOURSELF.' PRESENTLY A HAND GRASPED THE GUNWALE OF THE BOAT, AND WILLING ARMS HELPED A BODY UP. IT WAS ROB ROLLALONG."—SEE PAGE 218.

Furiously swept the wind over the river, tossing the boat about as if it had been a cork.

The rain descended in blinding sheets.

"Is that you, Kedge?" said a faint voice.

Kedge thought he heard something like a whisper, but he could not make it out.

It might have been a moan of the boisterous wind. So, with hand to ear, he listened still.

"Ahoy! boat ahoy!"

This time he heard it, and sculled in the direction from which it came.

"I'm here Rob," he exclaimed. "Take it easy. Don't bu'st yourself."

Presently a hand grasped the gunwale of the boat, and willing arms helped a body up.

It was the body of a boy, hale and hearty.

That boy was Rob Rollalong.

"In with you; look alive," said Kedge.

"Oh!" replied the boy. "I am so glad you've come. I thought during the dreary watch you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you!" said Kedge, reproachfully.

"Not that, exactly. I mean that something had happened to prevent your coming. You know what I mean."

"Well, here I am, anyway. Shake yourself, and sit down aft, while I make the best of my way back to the city."

He was proceeding to unfasten the red light and put it away, when Rob exclaimed:

"Don't do that!"

"Why not?"

"Not yet. We must wait for Jew Joseph."

"Who in thunder is Jew Joseph?" asked Kedge. "He's my chum. We sleep in bunks close together. Jew was the midshipman of the watch to-night. I never could have got off without him, so I had to tell him all about it."

"Is he coming, too?"

"Why, certainly! He's as anxious to get off as any one else on board; so he said that he'd follow me, after giving me ten minutes' start, and he saw me slip down, and his last words were, 'Don't go without me.'"

"He's in the water now?" said Kedge.

"Yes; and he'll be drowned if you don't wait for him," said Rob.

"It won't do to go back on a pal," remarked Kedge. "Of course, it's dangerous to wait here, as your absence must be found out before long, and the officer of the watch will have a crew piped up and a boat lowered to go after you. But we never lose anything by friendship. A good turn isn't thrown away, and I'll risk it."

He accordingly left the red light in its conspicuous position, and paddled about in the dangerous vicinity of the school-ship.

"What's Jew Joseph in for?" asked he.

"Some little irregularity connected with his uncle's till. I believe his uncle keeps a clothing-store in Chatham Street, and I think Jew helped himself to a little capital that did not belong to him, and started as a peddler."

"Is he a good fellow?"

"First rate, and as smart as they make them."

Five minutes passed.

Then ten.

It seemed an age to wait.

Suddenly the second fugitive was heard to leeward of the boat, and in two minutes more was on board.

"I thought I'd never reach you, my boy," said Jew Joseph. "I never had much taste for the water, and on such a night as this it's awful."

"There's no time for joking," exclaimed Kedge. "Sit still, you two fellows, and trim the boat."

They took their places, and Kedge began to scull vigorously back to the New York shore.

Scarcely had he dipped his sculls in the water than the school-ship's bell began to ring violently.

Stroke after stroke fell upon it.

Loud voices were borne to the fugitive boys on the gale, and the heavy tread of men hurrying to and fro.

"What did I tell you?" said Kedge.

"They've found us out," answered Rob.

"I'd rather they'd do that than find us at home," remarked Jew Joseph. "They shan't catch me. I'd rather have another swim, at the risk of being drowned. Look at the fine clothes I've spoilt! A beautiful uniform coat, which fitted me like the paper on the wall."

"Bother your coat!" said Kedge. "Dry up! Don't make a sound. I'll keep in mid-channel, and they'll never see us."

He commenced to scull silently but strongly, and the two boys in the stern sat shivering in their wet clothes, and turning round occasionally to strain their eyes in trying to penetrate the darkness, and gain some idea of the position of their pursuers.

"Thank Goodness it's so dark," said Rob.

"Yes, that's something in our favor," replied Kedge.

"Hark!" cried Rob, after a pause.

The sound of the oars falling regularly in the rowlocks indicated that their pursuers were gaining on them.

Evidently, the officer of the watch, when he missed the fugitive boys, guessed that they had an accomplice.

It was not likely that they would attempt to swim to land.

Certainly that had been done before by desperate boys, but in warmer weather.

Now the water was too cruelly cold.

So he ordered his crew to row about on the chance of coming up with some boat.

"Silence fore and aft!" said Kedge.

He shipped his sculls and let the boat drift.

The boys scarcely allowed themselves to breathe, so horrified were they at the prospect of being re-captured and taken back to be punished.

Freedom was before them.

Already, to a limited degree, they had tasted its sweets.

The pursuing boat now gained rapidly upon them, and they could hear the labored breathing of the men at the oars.

Gradually, yet swiftly, it came up with them.

It was a moment of terrible suspense.

On, on, ever on! Now it is close to them!

It sweeps by almost within an arm's length of the *Whitehall*, in which the boys were seated.

"Give way, my lads!" they heard the officer say. "They cannot be far ahead. We shall hear them directly."

And so it plunged ahead into the pitchy darkness, and was lost in the murky gloom.

Every one breathed a sigh of relief.

Kedge unshipped his sculls, and pulled in under the shore, creeping carefully along.

The danger was passed.

They heard no more of the *Mercury's* galley, and made their way carefully through the inky night and over the white-capped waves to the New York shore. It was a great time when they landed.

Rob danced and skipped about for joy, shook hands a dozen times with Kedge, declared he was the best fellow that ever lived, and the truest friend that ever a boy had.

"That'll do," said Kedge. "Each of you take hold of my arm. We'll walk together, for fear of losing one another."

They reached the Third Avenue, waited for a car, and, getting on board, were conveyed to the City Hall.

Here they got off, and walked down to Coenties Slip.

It was now five o'clock, but morn had not yet dawned.

The rain still continued to fall, and the wind blew.

The saloon in which we first saw Captain Brown and Kedge was what was called an "all-night house."

That is to say, it was open day and night, chiefly for the accommodation of sailors.

If a ship was about to sail in the morning, the proprietors would not go to bed, but allowed the men to stay as long as they liked, or were permitted by the officers.

It is well known that Jack likes to have a final spree before hoisting the Blue Peter.

Seldom do sailors go on board sober.

This is scarcely to be wondered at, because they have a long time on board ship before them, little amusement, little jollity, and plenty of hard work and danger.

Jack holds his life in his hand a dozen times in each twenty-four hours.

"Where are we going now?" asked Rob.

"Into a saloon for an hour, where you can get a dry, and have some crackers-and-cheese, or liver-wurst, limburger, or some other Dutch dainty, and some beer," replied Kedge.

"Have you got me a ship?"

"I have."

"When do we sail?"

"Early to-morrow."

"Jerusha!" exclaimed Rob. "You're better than a big brother to me, Kedge, and I'll never forget you—never!"

"Is there any room on your ship for me, mister?" asked Jew Joseph.

"Well," replied Kedge, "we only take good-looking fellows on our craft."

"If that's so, I'll pass muster."

"I do not know how we will get along together," said Kedge; "when I drove a team, I never hitched a horse up with an ass!"

"Of course you know your business," replied Jew Joseph, with a sarcastic smile, "but, my boy, when you speak of me again in connection with yourself please don't call me a horse!"

"Well, I like your cheek," said Kedge.

Rob laughed.

"He had you there," said he. "Jew Joseph's smart. Best take him along. I've always found him a good fellow and a fast and firm friend."

"On your recommendation I will speak to the captain for him," answered Kedge.

"Will he do it?"

"I rather guess he will. You see, I'm third officer on board the *J. B. Astor*."

"My, haven't you got on! But you are a thorough sailor."

"I flatter myself without blowing," Kedge said, "that I can hold my own with any man afloat."

"So you can. By-the-way, do you ever hear anything of Vangs?"

"Very little. When I last heard of him he was sick."

"So I should think. The way Soft Tommy cut him would lay him up for some time."

"His injuries are not so bad as he at first expected."

"Is that so?"

"He can get around on crutches, though he'll never walk or run again."

"And I can't say I'm sorry. How's Hattie?"

"Oh, she and her mother wait on him. They say Hattie's to marry him."

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Rob, with a sigh. "If she only knew how I love her!"

"Calf's love," said Kedge.

"What do you mean?"

"You're too young to love a girl. Think of your ship. Love *her*. That's wife enough for a sailor."

"I don't know," said Rob. "It seems hard for a man to lead a lonely life, even if he is a sailor. However, I hope she'll be as happy as she expects, if she does marry that son of a gun, Vangs."

"Perhaps she won't."

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know; but this is an uncertain world, and there's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

"I hope there will be in this case."

"So do I."

"Thank you for trying to comfort me, Kedge. You always were a good fellow, Kedge," said Rob.

By this this time they had reached the saloon, and, opening the door, dived into its warm interior.

Captain Brown was not there.

But there were twelve or fourteen men enjoying themselves, each according to his own fashion, and several women, with red and coarse faces, were sitting alongside of them.

Drinking was the order of the night.

The sailors, and the women, too, for that matter, seemed to have an everlasting thirst upon them.

It took all the landlord's time to attempt to quench it, and he did not appear to succeed, even a little bit.

The boys sat down by the stove and began to steam.

They were the wettest boys that ever were seen, for there wasn't a dry rag on them.

When they took off their caps little torrents of water ran down on the floor.

Kedge gave them something to eat and drink.

While they were eating, an Irish sailor, who had shipped on board the *J. B. Astor*, caught sight of Rob and Jew Joseph.

"Look at the foine clothes they're wearing!" he cried, alluding to the uniform of the school-ship. "How long since you gave yer bone plenty of leg?"

His name was Barney McGuffin—not a bad fellow when sober, but quarrelsome when in his cups.

"They are friends of mine, Barney," replied Kedge.

"I don't care if they were frens of President Grant," continued Barney; "they've cut their ship."

"You don't want to give them away?"

"What's that?"

"Oh, it's all the same in Dutch. You know what I mean. These boys are my friends. I'm going to give them a fresh rig out, and they sail with me."

"No; I'm darned if they do!"

"What's that?"

"I've shipped aboard the *J. B. Astor*, but if you can't get boys without going to the school-ship for them, I'll swear off."

"Oh, come now. You're full."

"Full as a tick, my boy; that's what's the matter. But I never had a key turned on me, and those youngsters have," said Barney McGuffin.

"What's the odds?"

"It's a good deal of odds, and don't you forget, either."

"Oh, go and drown yourself," said Kedge, impatiently.

And he turned away as if he wanted to hold no further conversation with the man.

"Belted," continued Barney, "and you're not going to get away from my mother's son like that."

"What do you want to make a muss for?"

"Because it's me duty. Is it the likes of these jail-birds we want with us?"

Rob sprang to his feet, anger flashing from his eyes.

"Did you apply that term to me?" he said.

"Why, your uniform tells what you are," answered Barney. "You don't have honest boys on the *Mercury*, not much. If you want a good boy, you've got to go to the *St. Mary's* for him. What's the use of talking?"

"Be still, Barney," said Kedge.

"Oh, begorra, I know what I'm saying, don't you make any mistake."

Kedge pushed Rob back on his seat, and said to Barney:

"Take a drink with me and call it square."

"Oh, I'll shrink all the time, but I can't stand a spalpeen like that snipe sassing me."

"Hush up!"

"How would he look if I put a copper on him,

COTTON MANUFACTURE.—THE OLD-FASHIONED SPINNING-WHEEL.

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the dirty little water-rat! I will, too. Barney manes what he says."

He moved toward the door, with the ostensible purpose of calling a policeman to take Rob and his companion into custody.

"I'm off!" whispered Joseph to Rob.

"Where to?"

"Seems to me I'd be a heap safer in the Bowery," said Jew Joseph.

"Hold on a minute," said Rob.

Kedge had put himself between Barney and the door, assuming a determined, if not threatening, attitude.

"I'm your superior officer," he said, "and I order you to go to your ship."

Barney laughed.

"You can't boss me worth a cent on shore," he replied: "when I'm on board I obey orders, but you're a little too fast, my bhoy."

"That's what you say," answered Kedge. "And now listen here. If you won't be reasonable, I'll have to make you. Mind yourself; these boys are my friends, and I'm not going to see them given away by you, because you happen to have been drinking until you're ugly."

With this he stepped up to Barney and struck him between the eyes with his fist, causing the unfortunate McGuffin to fall on the edge of a spittoon, which stunned him.

The other sailors did not interfere, as a fight was a thing of such common occurrence that they thought no more of it than they did of a broken head.

"He's a settled member, and won't trouble us any more just yet," said Kedge.

"Serves him right," replied Rob.

"Hurry up. We'll get aboard. You can change your clothes for a suit I'll give you. Throw those you have on overboard, and turn into my bunk to sleep till we weigh anchor."

"Good enough. And you?"

"Oh, I've got to look after the men. No sleep for me," answered Kedge. "Where's your friend?"

"I don't know."

"He was here just now," said Kedge, looking around.

"Oh, I guess he's scared; he said something about making tracks, and going to some friends in the Bowery."

"Well, let him go. I never saw a Jew yet who made a good sailor; they're smarter on land than on sea. Money-making is their game, and a sailor has a poor chance at that," returned Kedge.

Jew Joseph was nowhere to be seen.

With characteristic cunning, he had determined to make the most of his newly-found liberty, and had hurried away by a side-door to seek shelter with some friends in the Bowery, whom he knew would take him in and hide him at any hour.

Kedge and Rob were so engrossed with their own affairs, that they did not bestow another thought upon him.

They quitted the saloon, and walked down Coenties Slip to the dock, where their ship was lying, and Rob was soon clad in dry clothes and nestling warmly under a pair of ship's blankets in Kedge's berth.

"This is my cabin," said Kedge. "No one comes in to it. Sleep all you can and don't go out till I call you, as there may be danger so long as we remain in dock."

Rob's eyes filled with tears at his friend's kindness.

He could not find words to thank him, but he then and there made a mental resolve that he would lay down his life without hesitation for him, at any time, should it be necessary.

The ship was going on a long and dangerous voyage. A thousand perils might arise before they again reached port.

Rob soon fell asleep; but his slumbers were troubled with dreams of a startling character.

He thought he was in a storm, and that the ship was wrecked on a desert island.

Kedge and himself were nearly starved but they managed to build themselves a house, and kill beasts and birds, grow corn, and live comfortably, till one day a party of savages landed in a canoe, made them prisoners, and were about to kill and eat them, when Hattie Elliott rose up like a ministering angel and saved them from their cruel fate.

Three times he dreamt this dream.

Then he woke up with the perspiration starting from his brow and stared around him.

Through the port-hole he saw the gray dawn, the rain was still falling pitilessly, and the wind howled and moaned as it had done during his perilous experience on the East River a few hours before.

"They say a dream which you dream three times in one night is sure to come true," he murmured. "I wonder whether this one will?"

Then he rolled himself up in his blankets and fell asleep again.

[To be continued.]

"Rob Rattlelong" was commenced in No. 672.

COTTON MANUFACTURE.

DOCTOR CARTWRIGHT AND THE POWER-LOOM.

THIS stupendous weaving-machine, a crowning achievement of the cotton manufacture, we owe to the genius of Edmund Cartwright, born, in 1743, at Marnham, in Nottinghamshire. He was educated for the church in the University of Oxford, and published a volume of poems while yet a young man. He had reached his fortieth year before he had given any attention to mechanics. Happening, in 1784, to be at Matlock, in the company of some gentlemen of Manchester, he maintained the practicability of inventing a machine to weave the vast additional quantity of cotton spun by Arkwright's machinery; and this Cartwright asserted was not a whit less practicable than the construction of the automaton chess-player, then exhibiting in London. Soon afterward it occurred to Cartwright that, as in plain weaving, according to the conception he then had of the business, there could be only three movements to follow each other in succession, there could be little difficulty in producing and repeating them. He then employed a carpenter and smith to construct for him upon this principle a machine; and getting a weaver to put in the warp, to his great delight, a piece of cloth was the product. The warp was laid perpendicularly; the reed fell with a force of at least half a hundredweight; and the springs which threw the shuttle were strong enough to have thrown a rocket. Conceiving this to be a valuable invention, in 1785 Cartwright secured it by patent. He then condescended to see how other persons wove (for he had never before seen a loom); when he was astonished at their easy modes of operation compared with his powerful machine, which he did not patent till 1787.

Some time after, a manufacturer, on seeing Cartwright's first loom at work, observed that, wonderful as was the inventor's mechanical skill, he would be baffled in weaving patterns in checks—that is, combining in the same web a pattern or fancy figure with the crossing colors to form the check. Cartwright made no reply to the manufacturer's observation, but some weeks after showed him a piece of muslin beautifully woven in checks by machinery.

After this Doctor Cartwright made some valuable improvements in the combing of wool by machinery, in ropemaking, and other departments of agriculture and manufactures. Even the steam-engine engaged his attention; and he used frequently to tell his son that if he lived to be a man he would see both ships and land-carriages impelled by steam.

As early as 1793 he constructed a model of a steam-engine, attached to a barge, which he explained, in the presence of his family, to Robert Fulton, whose zeal and activity afterward, as is well known, perfected the project of steam navigation in America. Even so late as 1823, Doctor Cartwright,

TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH. SEE PAGE 222.

TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—VIEW OF EDINBURGH, FROM CALTON HILL. SEE PAGE 222.

then in his seventy-ninth year, contrived a plan of propelling land-carriages by steam.

Doctor Cartwright was defrauded of the pecuniary profits from his great invention of the power-loom by persons who devised contrivances for the same purpose slightly different from his. A manufactory containing 500 of Cartwright's machines was destroyed by fire almost immediately after it was built. On these and other accounts, the power-loom only began to be extensively introduced about 1801, the year in which Cartwright's patent expired. He was, however, in some degree subsequently compensated by a Parliamentary grant of $50,000.

Power-looms were not immediately introduced into factories. They remained an unprofitable speculation until it was discovered, in 1803, that the warp might be dressed before being put into the loom, and the service of the man employed for that purpose dispensed with. The construction of the machine, and the method of dressing, have been improved since that time; and cloth is now woven by the help of steam with a rapidity and to an extent formerly unknown.

A steam-engine of forty or sixty horse-power gives motion to thousands of rollers, spindles, and bobbins for spinning yarns, and work four or five hundred looms besides. The gigantic spinner and weaver needs very little assistance from man. It undertakes and faithfully discharges, all the heavy work of putting shafts, wheels, and pulleys in motion, of throwing the shuttle, working the treadles, driving home the weft, and turning round the warp and cloth beams. One man may now do as much work as two or three hundred ninety years ago.

(To be continued.)

MILITARY SPORTS—THE TUG OF WAR.

THIS game, which has of late become very popular among soldiers, sailors, and marines in England, used to be called "French and English" in the old days when the impulsive Gaul and sturdy Briton cordially regarded each other as "natural enemies."

The "Tug of War" affords a good deal of sport, and needs no elaborate apparatus. A number of players divide into two parties, laying hold of either end of a stout rope, try to drag each other across the line. Brute force does not always win, a skillful captain will gain the victory by *finesse*, as, for example, he will suffer his opponents to gain a few inches, then suddenly let the rope go by the run, and while the greasy are all sprawling on their backs, clap on all strength, and drag them resistlessly across the boundary.

The sketch for our engraving was made at Aldershot, for the *London Graphic*. The competitors were a sergeant from a Scotch and English regiment respectively. "As the *Graphic* is popular in both countries," says the artist, "although a Scotchman myself, I won't say which regiment won. Suffice it to say that I saw a white-haired officer with a very jovial face take the winning pull over to the refreshment tent, and give each a good stiff glass of Glenlivat. The prizes consisted of cash given by the officers, and paid at once. Officers and men appear to be very friendly and kindly toward each other, and, at all events, in camp, have none of that 'standoffishness' which is rather popularly supposed to exist between them."

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

EDINBURGH, THE MODERN ATHENS.

EDINBURGH is not easily exhausted. Few cities possess such "natural attractiveness." The Scotch are proud of their "Modern Athens," but certainly not too proud.

It is not alone its glorious situation which makes Edinburgh interesting to strangers, but nearly every house in its main thoroughfare from Holyrood Palace to the Castle, a distance of quite a mile, teems with historical recollections of the bravest and also of the most painful and pitiful character. The weather-stained old houses in the Canongate and High Street, now crowded with the poorest of the poor, have for the antiquary, the archæologist and the historian tales of many vicissitudes.

The view of Edinburgh from the Calton Hill is one of almost surpassing loveliness. To the east, west and north, to right and to left, and in front of us rolls the glorious Firth,

"Whose islands on its bosom float
Like emeralds chased in gold."

Across the Firth, six miles wide at this point, you see the wooded shores of Aberdour, with its silver sand. Then there is the fashionable town of Burntisland, the "laag linen town of Kirkcaldy"; the giant Bass Rock, where solan geese most do congregate, and the white cliffs of the Isle of May.

Of the old Abbey of Holyrood, founded by King David to commemorate an escape from death when hunting, nothing remains save a portion of the church, in the vaults of which are interred the remains of David II., of James II., and of James V., son of that "Champion of the Dunes," who, foolishly fighting, fell on Flodden Field along with the chivalry of Scotland. The Abbey was a favorite residence of Scottish kings, and a Parliament was held here as early as 1177. James IV. it was who built a palace to supplant the ruined Abbey as a royal residence; but this, excepting a portion of the northwest tower and turrets, was destroyed by fire in 1544. A grander edifice succeeded, built by James V., but this also was almost entirely burnt to the ground by Cromwell's troopers.

The palace, as it stands, was erected in the reign of Charles II. It was modeled by Sir William Bruce after the Château de Chantilly, the seat of the Condé family. It consists of a quadrangle 94 feet square, flanked by towers. The front is only two stories high, surmounted by a double balustrade. The portico is adorned with well-proportioned columns, supporting a cupola in the form of a kingly crown. The other three sides of the building are each three stories in height. The length of frontage is about 230 feet from back to front not quite so much. The picture gallery is 150 ft. by 27 ft., and has in it upward of 100 specimens of Scottish Royal celebrities; but the artistic merit of these is of little account. The Scottish Representative Peers to sit in the Imperial Parliament are elected in this gallery. The royal apartments are on the east side, that nearest the Firth, of whose sparkling waters a glimpse can be obtained from the windows. Since its restoration the royal apartments have been occupied by the Duke of York, afterward James II., by the Pretender in 1745, by Charles X. of France, by the Duke of Cumberland, by Louis XVIII. of France, by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort and the Royal Family, on their way to Balmoral, and by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, when they were studying at Edinburgh University.

Above the picture gallery in the Northwest Tower are Queen Mary's apartments, where the uncompromising John Knox roundly rated the beauteous sovereign, describing her as a "bonny bit of painted clay." Queen Mary's bedroom, with the bed, is still to the fore. Large enough it is, in all conscience; but musty and time-worn now is the tapestry, wrought by the delicate fingers of lovely ladies in these rooms more than three centuries ago. Adjoining this room, where by back-stair entrance the poor Italian musician, Rizzio, gained access, is Queen Mary's boudoir, where at a supper-party the presuming foreigner, dragged from the Queen's table, was savagely slain at the top of the secret stairs by Darnley and his clique of conspirators, fifty-six dagger-wounds being counted on the diminutive musician's body.

The fountain in front of Holyrood Palace was erected in 1859, and is of Gothic character, ornately carved with figures of historic interest in connection with the palace.

EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE.

THE sun rose brightly over the little village of Crecy on the morning of Saturday, the 16th of August, 1346. The golden corn was standing in the fields, the cattle were quietly grazing in the meadows, the birds were twittering in the woods, and in the still morning air rose the gentle murmur of a joyous stream. Everything spoke of peace that bright Summer morning; little could one have dreamed that before that sun should have set in the west the din and thunder of battle would wake the echoes of those quiet woods, that those sunny fields would be torn and desolated by the angry tread of thousands of feet, or strewn with heaps of dead and dying! Yet so it was to be. A large army was even then halting in the cover of the forest over against the village, and far, far away, if any one had listened, might have been heard, mingling with the voice of the morning, the sound of a great host of horsemen and soldiers advancing in hot pursuit, and now and then a trumpet-blast, which echoed faintly among the hills.

The English soldiers, as they rose from their beds of fern and grass, heard those far-off sounds, and knew—who better?—they must fight like men today or perish.

So they sprang to their feet and seized their arms and armor, ready at an instant to obey the summons to action.

Suddenly along the ranks came the cry, "The king and the prince!" and directly afterward appeared the great King Edward III., of England, riding slowly down the line of his army, and at his side a stately boy of sixteen years, dressed in black armor, mounted on a black horse. Never was king more honored or king's son more loved than were these two, as they passed with cheery word and dauntless bearing among their loyal and devoted soldiers.

The king stopped when he had reached a spot from which a good portion of his host could hear him, and thus addressed his knights:

Every man stood silent as he spoke.

"My loyal subjects, we must meet to-day a host greater than we in number, but not greater in valor. Fight, I charge you, for the honor of your country. My son here leads the right division of my army. This is his first battle, and sure I am he will acquit him-elf like a man. Do you the same, and God will give us the victory."

With such encouraging and confident words the king addressed his men, who cheered him and the brave prince boy as they could.

Then every man took his helmet and his bow, and waited for the enemy.

The morning passed, but still no foe appeared. But the distant murmur was now grown to a loud and ever-increasing din; and as they sat, the English could hear shouts, and the neighing of horses and the clash-mail of many voices, which betokened the near approach of the host of King Philip of France.

It was not till about three in the afternoon that the French army came in sight of Crecy. They had had a rapid and fatiguing march since daybreak, and were now in no condition, even with their vastly superior numbers, to grapple with the refreshed and inspirited Englishmen. So thought and said many of Philip's officers, and did their best to persuade him to put off the encounter till the next day.

But, however much Philip might have been inclined to adopt this good advice, his army was in such a state of confusion and disorder, owing to their rapid march, that they were quite unmanageable. When the officers in front of them to halt, those behind, shouting and impatient, still pressed on, so much so that the king and all his nobles were carried along with them in the very face of the English, who stood awaiting the attack.

When Philip saw that the collision could not be put off, that the battle was inevitable, he shouted loudly:

"Bring forward the Genoese bowmen!"

Now these bowmen, 15,000 in number, on whom Philip depended to scatter and drive from the field the main portion of his enemy's force, were in no sort of condition for beginning a battle, after their long, fatiguing march, and with the strings of their crossbows all loose with the damp, and with a dazzling sun now glaring full in their eyes. But Philip, too confident to heed any such trifles, impatiently, nay, angrily, ordered them to the front, and bade them send a volley against the English archers, who stood opposite.

So these foreigners stepped forward, and as their manner was, gave three leaps in the air, with the idea of terrifying their foes, and then raised their bows to their cheeks, and let fly their arrows wildly in the direction of the English.

The trusty English archers, with the sun behind them, were not the men to be intimidated by leaping into the air, nor panic-struck by a discharge so ill-aimed that scarce one arrow in ten even grazed their armor.

Their reply to the Genoese was a sudden step forward, and a sharp, determined twang of their bowstrings. Then the air was white with the cloud of their arrows, and next moment the foremost ranks of the Genoese were seen to drop like one man.

This was enough for those already dispirited hirelings. They fell back in panic disorder; they cut their bow-strings; they rushed among the very feet of the horsemen that Philip, in his rage, had ordered "to ride forward and cut down the cowardly villains!" Then the confusion of the French army was complete.

The English followed up their first advantage steadily and quickly. Knight after knight of the French dropped from his horse, troop after troop fell back, standard after standard tottered.

Nowhere was the fight fiercer than where the young Black Prince led the van of the English; and from a windmill on a near hill the eager eye of King Edward watched with pride that figure clad in black armor ever in the thick of the fight, and never halting an instant where danger or duty called.

It would be too long to tell of all the fighting that day. Philip, with his great army, could not dislodge his compact foe from their position, nor could he shelter his men from the deadly flight of their arrows. Bravely he rushed himself into the fray to rally his men, but to no avail. Everywhere they fell back before their invincible enemy.

Once, indeed, it seemed as if his brave knights would surround and drive back the division of which the boy prince was leader. An English noble sent post-haste a message to Edward to say, "Send help; the prince is in danger."

But Edward knew more of battles than most of his officers. He replied, coolly:

"Is the prince slain?"

"No."

"Is he wounded?"

"No."

"Is he struck down?"

"No."

"Then go, tell him the battle he has won so far shall be his, and his only. This day he must win his own spurs."

The words flew like wildfire through the English ranks, and how brave men fought with renewed valor.

That evening, as the sun was getting low in the west, Philip and his host turned their backs on Crecy and fled—all that were left of them—fled anywhere to be out of the reach of the army of that invincible boy. Horsemen and footmen, bag and baggage, they fled, with the English close at their heels, and never drew rein till night and darkness put an end to the pursuit.

Meanwhile, there was rejoicing and thanksgiving on the field of Crecy. The English king hastened from the post of observation, and, in the presence of the whole army, embraced his son, and gave him the honors of that glorious victory, wherein two kings, eleven princes, one thousand two hundred knights, and thirty thousand men had fallen. A sad price for glory!

"Sweet son," said he, "God give you good perseverance. You are my true and valiant son, and have this day shown yourself worthy of a crown."

And the brave boy bowed low before his father, and modestly disclaimed the whole glory of the victory.

Loud and long did the loyal knights and soldiers cheer their brave king and their heroic prince; and when they saw the latter bind on his helmet the plume of three ostrich-feathers, worn by the most illustrious of his slain foemen, John, King of Bohemia, with the noble motto, "Ich dien" (I serve) beneath, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. And the motto has descended from prince to prince since then, and remains to this day as a glorious memorial of this famous boy, who earned it by doing his duty in the face of danger, and setting an example to all about him that "he who serves rules."

CLINGING TO A WRECK.

ATLANTIC CITY has always entertained a reputation for big "nor'easters," and the idler who lingers late into August usually gets such a taste of wild weather as will be likely to live long in his memory. The advent of the regular northeast storm is virtually the limit to the season, for it generally "knocks the bottom out" of things there by scaring Summer visitors off to their homes in the most hasty manner.

The weather there has lately been very threatening, with occasional rains, terminating finally in the greatest storm ever known there at this time of the year. It began with a steady rainfall at an early hour, and about ten minutes past twelve o'clock a gale began to blow from the northeast, which increased in violence during the afternoon. It swept over the city like a hurricane, uprooting trees on all the avenues and scattering broken branches everywhere. Fences were blown down, the fury like no many cards and windows were blown in and houses loosened from their foundations.

One house on Mas-achusetts Avenue, occupied by Mr. Job Monroe, was blown from off its underpinning and moved several yards. The kitchen stove was overturned, and the house caught on fire. The flames were soon extinguished, however, and it now stands in a badly damaged condition. The windows of the City Hall were blown in and the interior deluged with water. The avenues in the evening were impassable, and many of the cottage-yards were deeply flooded. Some of the houses on Arctic Avenue were completely surrounded by water knee deep, and their occupants were compelled to remain indoors.

At the Inlet there was also much damage done to the pleasure-yachts and other craft lying there. Both of the little steamers which ply between Atlantic City and Brigantine Beach were washed ashore, three good-sized yachts were sunk, and fifteen more boats were blown ashore, including a sloop from Cape May laden with watermelons.

The most important casualty of the day was the wreck of a schooner, the *Flora Curtis*, belonging to Perth Amboy, N. J., from a Virginia port, bound for New York with pine wood, which was driven upon the bar about four o'clock in the afternoon and sprang a leak. She struck about this point opposite the Inlet-house, when she threw out her anchor, but was blown several squares further down the beach, until she got opposite North Carolina Avenue, and there she stuck, about a half a mile from land.

Although the wind and rain were raging most violently at the time, yet people donned bathing suits or cast-off clothing and flocked to the beach by the hundreds. The scene was an extremely novel one, as may be imagined. The interest in the fate of the unfortunate men was most intense, and even the women grew excited as each one saw their chances for life or death. The breakers were tossing their white crests high into the air—for fully half a mile from the beach the sea was lashed by them into a seething foam. The men, four in number, could be plainly seen clinging to the rattlings and lying out upon the bowsprit. The breakers were sweeping over her deck and everyone expected to see the men washed away, but they hung on with a desperate tenacity. The Government Life Guard attempted to shoot out a line to her, but the shot fell several hundred yards short of its mark. As darkness approached, rockets were sent out to her to keep her in sight. The tide, which was at its greatest height about eight o'clock, began to drive the people from the beach, and before long had flooded all that land lying between the beach and the city. The board walk, or ocean promenade, was washed completely away, and many bath-houses fell to pieces. Still the crowd lingered, some of them actually swimming about in the flood, and others wading as far as the depth would permit. When the tide fell again below the line of the broad walk, bonfires were built on the beach, discovering the schooner about a square below where it was last seen.

Although the coast is blessed with a life-saving station, and a crew paid by the government to attend to such cases as this, never before was the utter inutility of the service shown in a plainer way. At ten o'clock in the evening they fired a line from their mortar, but as it could only reach four hundred yards, while the wrecked vessel was three times that distance away, the proceeding looked ridiculous. They considered that with this useless effort their duty was done until the tide ran out and made it safe to launch their boats.

But not so with those around the station. Some suggested that the trial be made, but the life-saving crew would listen to no such talk. Letter-carriers De Haven and Young, of the Philadelphia Post-Office, and Mr. H. Barthmaier, of 2250 North Front Street, seeing that the crew were determined to do nothing, asked for their line, and of course were refused. They then offered fifty dollars for it, but were again refused. Then those who were interested in saving the men on the wreck, seeing all other efforts fail, determined forcibly to take possession of the apparatus and make the attempt to get to the schooner. A rush was made and the crew drew their revolvers. For a moment it looked like war, but the determined attitude of the brave men showed that they meant business. With a cry of "Shoot if you dare!" they took the ropes and were soon in the water. The boat, after many narrow escapes, at length reached the schooner, but only to be dashed against her side and split. The brave fellows succeeded, however, in getting on board, and soon signaled their success to the shore. By this time it was after two o'clock, and the tide had gone so far out as to make it reasonably safe for the life-saving crew to get out their boat. They, in turn, succeeded in reaching the schooner, and soon all were safe on shore.

A sorrier-looking set of men never reached Atlantic City than were those who were rescued. I interviewed Captain Pierce, of the schooner, after he was rubbed down and dried out and forced to swallow enough coffee and whisky to fill a respectable-sized hogshead. He told me that, as darkness came on, he gave up all hope, and had twice determined to risk a swim to shore. But considering that this was an impossibility in the state of the sea, he abandoned the idea and trusted to a rescue from shore. He had with him as a crew Joseph A. Hatfield, Thomas Manger and William O. Curtis. He was from Portapatank Creek, Va., bound to New York, with a cargo of pine wood. Bereft of the many nautical phrases he used, which were as so much Latin to me, it seems that the storm was so fierce that no human power could have saved his vessel when she headed for shore. He was compelled to take in all sail and attempt to head her straight for the beach, his only fear being that she would strike broadsides and break up.

ODDITIES OF PECULIAR PEOPLE.

ODD folks here and there are described in the newspapers. Roxbury, Mass., has an eccentric tramp who lives in a cave during the Winter and spends the Summer in making begging excursions to neighboring towns. He never says a word, and his dress consists entirely of old bootlegs sewed together with leather strings. A small wagon drawn by two goats, and containing a helpless, shriveled man, attracted attention in Hagerstown, Md. He said that he had traveled in that manner for many years, and called himself "The American Tourist." He is entirely helpless. His wife and four children accompany him and attend to his wants, getting their living by the sale of a temperance song and other small articles. Jefferson Stevens, who lives near Sulphur Springs, Ky., concludes that he is gifted with peculiar powers, of which he lately gave a street exhibition. He held a forked dogwood switch, like those used by wizards, in his mouth, and told the crowd to ask any questions they pleased. A pair of tramps turned up at Des Moines, Iowa—Peter Carlisle and his wife—who were on their way to Leadville from the Pennsylvania coal regions. They had pushed a handcart all the way, containing their baby girl and a few household utensils. Carson Carr, of Moodie, Cal., will on no account walk a step, but always runs, no matter if the distance is only a few feet; while Mrs. Main, of Chicago, will neither walk nor run, although physically able to do either, because she thinks her legs will drop off if she stirs them. The story comes from Pittsfield, Mass., of the discovery of a cannibal, who for years has lived near that city. He says that early in life he ran away from home and went to sea. He was early shipwrecked on one of the South Sea islands, where cannibalism was practiced and idolatry was the worship of the natives. How long he remained there he does not know, but he learned to enter into their savage rites with a good deal of zest, and he confesses to have acquired a taste for cannibalism.

AMONG the many strange customs of savage nations not the least curious are the ceremonious observances offered by them to the wild beasts which they hunt and kill. The bolder native hunters of British India would shudder at the thought of leaving the corpse of a slain tiger till they have singed off its whiskers to the very root, without which precaution they firmly believe that the ghost of the dead monster will haunt them into their graves. In many parts of Russia the killing of a wolf is not thought complete without the cutting off of the head and right fore-paw. The Lapps and Finns, whenever they kill a bear, surround the body with loud lamentations. One hunter then asks the dead beast, "Who killed thee?" and another answers, "A Russian," when all the rest exclaim, in chorus, "A cruel deed, a bloody deed!" hoping by this means to divert the bear's resentment from themselves to the imaginary Russian. Skulls of brown bears, nailed to the trees by the Indians, in compliance with some native superstition, are often found by Canadian camping parties in the woods around Lake Simcoe, and the tribes of Northern Siberia never kill a polar bear without extracting its two largest teeth, which, in their belief, is the only safeguard against its coming to life again.

SEVERAL weeks ago the large carpet in the adjusters' room of the San Francisco mint was taken up for the first time in five years and burned for the purpose of reducing the accumulation of filings. The value of the bullion obtained was $2,400.

THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor - $5.00
For the next best - - - - - 2.50
For the third in merit and promptness - - 1.00

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 676.

1. Lever, Screw—LotuS, EclipsiC, VapoR, EncorE, ReviewW. 2. Tear, Bear, Fear, Dear, Pear. 3. C, Wen, Wo-roc, Ceramic, Nomad, Cad. C. 4. Hat-rack. 5. Tooth-pick. 6. Past, Ache, Shin, Teat. 7. Knowledge. 8. Cat-a-ma-ran. 9. Torusalo. 10. Dis-trem, Dis-aster, Dis-may.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 676.

1.—Joel Williams, Slatington, Lehigh Co., Pa.

2.—William J. Shaw, Hunter's Point, L. I., N. Y.

3.—James Conner, 13 Cheapside, Baltimore, Md.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—CENTRAL DELETIONS.

BEARING de'ete, and open leave;
Weighty next, and thin receive;
One who guides a trough 'twill be;
To totter next and sharp you'll see;
From ornament you'll shovvy get;
And from decline, to vitiate;
To look upon now last delete,
An animal small remains complete.

2.—SQUARE WORDS.

A return for an Oliver; a girl's name; inner coating; an article; a wine-producer and a consonant; two words, transposed, that you may address to the Muses; a small weapon.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A river of no little fame
Firsts, downward read, declare;
And if you just treat finals same,
You'll find I still am there.

A well-known fish will give the first;
Next gives a female name,
No matter though I am reversed,
I truly will be same.

A flower for third pray now select—
A pretty one 'tis, too;
They curious things for me collect,
To hold to public view.

A country will in this be seen—
Few countries can excel it;
Now he who lasts what I here mean,
Don't hesitate to tell it.

4.—CHARADE.

"A tree and its fruit," so my first is defined;
My next in your purse I am sure you will find.
Either twenty or fifty, thirty or three,
My whole, lest I'm dreamy, can sure enough be.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

Where is the man that hath not this?
O'er such wastes to travel don't you hate?
And would the miser not he miss?
What happier or more blissful state?

6.—DECAPITATION.

Laughing first flows through the meadows green;
Bright are the waves with its sunlight's sheen;
Over it lean the forget-me-nots blue,
Mingled with lilies of snowy-white hue.
Please tell its name, my riddling friends dear,
Then please betead, and to you will appear
A bird with a voice neither lovely nor clear.

7.—ENIGMA.

'Tis in the rich man's mansion; in the peasant's hovel;
'Tis used by princes, dukes, and lords, and by our gracious Queen;
You use it very often, and I think that I may say,
Without exaggeration, that you use it every day.

If it could speak, I have no doubt some wondrous things 'twould tell;
Of secrets trusted to it, and of plots drawn up so well—
In fact, it often tends to bring some dark deeds into light,
And make the darkness, in the end, appear before us bright.

And of another little fact I hope that you'll take heed—
Without its aid you never could this splendid Journal read.
To those whose work it is to have it by their side all day
Are very glad when evening comes, when they from toil can stray.

You'll find that it is sometimes black, at other times 'tis blue,
And frequently I've seen it red and violet, it is true.
'Tis sold in little—— But I think I'm putting it too plain,
So I will bid you all adieu until I come again.

8.—CHARADE.

My first is surely not for you;
A law term it is reckoned.
If you would bring your cause to view,
Discreetly use my second.
My whole's a disagreeable thing,
And yet it must be granted

'Tis heard five hundred times, I ween,
Where scarcely once it's wanted.

They are most wise who never choose me,
Except when they're compelled to use me.

9.—CHARADE.

"I am weary, Tom, with walking,
Let us go first to that inn."
"Second; what's the use of talking
When we're not a third within?"

Join these together, and you'll see
What little maidens ought to be.

10.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter; a boy's nickname; ancient nation of Northern Europe; a fish; a letter and a missile; devoured; fifty.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

GOING OUT to borrow money is an owe-mission.

A MAN would rather live with a cross-eyed woman than with a cross-mouthed one.

AN Ithaca (N. Y.) little girl, attempting to describe an elephant, spoke of it as "that thing what kicks up with its nose."

YOU mustn't think it is heart trouble that makes the young lady cry "Oh!" so often these days. It is simply owing to the tears.

WHY is a church-bell more affable than a church-organ? Because one will go when it's tolled, but the other will be blowed first.

"PROCRASTINATION is the thief of a good time," was the lament of the small boy who got up too late to take the excurs on-train.

WHY is the Prince of Wales, musing upon his mother's government, like a rainbow? Because it's a sun's (son's) reflection upon a steady rain (reign).

"WHAT do they always put D. C. after Washington for?" asked Mrs. Quilp at Mr. Q. "Why, my dear, don't you know that Washington was the Daddy of his Country?" said Quilp, with a snicker.

AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.—*Magistrate*—"You are charged with having emptied a basin of water over the plaintiff." *Irish Woman*—"Sure, yer Honor, ye must forgive me; in the dark I took the gentleman for me husband."

A LITTLE boy entered a fish-market one day, and seeing for the first time a pile of lobsters lying on the counter, looked intently at them for some time, when he exclaimed: "My gracious! them's the biggest grasshoppers I've ever seen."

A PERPLEXED German, who had made a garment for a youth, and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fullness which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared vociferously that "de coat is goot. It is no fault of de coat. De poy is too slim!"

THE Boss liar was around last week again. He told a story about shooting at a deer and hitting him in the head and hoof with the same bullet. We got out our gun, and were about seeing if we could do the same thing with him, when he explained by saying that the deer was scratching its head.

A FARMER lost a portion of his crop of potatoes, a thief having dug them and taken them away in the night. He put up a tent in the field, and remarked that the thief would think he was watching the crop. But the tent did not prove a good guard, for the next time the thief came he stole the tent.

"IN my early days," remarked the old man, as he shoveled coal into the schoolhouse cellar, "they didn't use coal to keep us school young 'uns warm." "What did they use?" asked a boy near by. A sad, far-away look seemed to pass over the old man's face as he quietly responded: "Birch, my boy, birch."

A TEACHER, endeavoring to familiarize a little girl with the various countries of the western hemisphere, with little evidence of success, finally asked: "If I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go through at this end, where would you come out?" "Come out?" replied the child. "Why, I'd come out of the hole, miss!"

NOT TO BE DONE.—Little Bill was told, "Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day little Billy was forgotten in the distribution, and was not served at all. What could he do? Presently, after reflecting seriously, he asked: "Mamma, when little boys starve to death do they go to heaven?"

A SENSIBLE REMARK.—Duval, the famous Austrian librarian, was once consulted upon a subject of which he was not wholly the master, by one of whose ignorance he was well aware. "I do not know," was his frank response. "Do not know!" exclaimed the intruder; "the Emperor pays you for knowing." "The Emperor pays me for what I know," said Duval; "if he paid me for what I do not know, the whole treasury of his kingdom would not suffice!"

THE most modest person we ever knew was the boy who was caught pelting an apple-tree by its enraged owner. In reply to the violent demand, "What's your name?" the boy replied, without hesitation, "My name is Casperd, sir, and I live on Pine Street," the same being the name and address of a schoolfellow. He was too modest to give his own name. Said the orchard-owner, cooling down, "Well, you have been so honest in telling your name, I will let you go this time." This is the only time we ever heard of modesty receiving its proper the room he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

ONE of these generous, disinterested, "awful sacrificing" tradesmen, having stuck upon every other pane of glass in his window, "Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday," offered himself as bail, or security, in some case which was brought before a magistrate, when the following dialogue ensued, the magistrate asking him if he was worth two thousand dollars. "Yes," he replied. "But you are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why you write up 'Selling off,'" "Yes, every shopkeeper is selling off." "You say 'No reasonable offer will be refused.'" "Well, I should be very unreasonable, if I did refuse such offers." "But you say 'Must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure; you would not have me to open on Sunday, would you?"

"WHAT is the plural of dollar, Jimmy?" asked a teacher of her brightest pupil. "Two dollars!" was the prompt reply.

"WHAT shall I leave you when I die?" said an insipid fellow to a young lady whose patience he had exhausted. "Needn't wait till you die," said she "you can leave something now, if you will." "What shall I leave?" he asked. "Leave yourself," she replied. He left.

MOTHER (to her daughter just seven years old)—"What makes you look so sad, Carrie?" *Carrie* (looking at her baby-brother three weeks old)—"I was just thinking that in about ten years from now, when I shall be entering company and having beaux, that brother of mine will be just old enough to bother the life out of me."

GEORGE is five years old. His mother had undressed him for a bath before putting him to bed. As he stood before her he said, "Now, mamma, I'm a kid." "Yes, dear," said she. "You know what kind of a kid I am, mamma?" "No, darling." "Well, nakid." His mother thinks that is good for a kid of his age.

A BANK STREET bootblack, says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, was plying his trade on a stranger's boots recently, when the man inquired: "Bub, are you an Irish boy?" "No, sir," answered the incurious gamin, as he breathed on the stranger's right foot-covering, and then briskly brought out the shine. "No, sir, I'm a polish boy." The man grinned and gave him a dime.

TEACHER—"Now, boys, quadruped and biped, you know, are two kinds of animals. Quadruped, animal with four legs, such as cow, elephant, horse, etc. Biped, animal with two legs, such as—well, ah——. Yes, there is a biped," pointing to a picture of a goose on the wall, "and I am a biped, and you are all bipeds. Now, what am I?" Pause. *One of the Bipeds*—"A goose, sir."

PROFESSIONAL SECRET.—An ambitious young clerk in a wholesale grocery establishment resolves to enter the civil service, and so presents himself before the examiners. One of the questions is, "What is coffee, and where does it come from?" "Oh, come now, you know," says the candidate, "I can't round on the governor; allow me to plead privilege. That's a professional secret."

A COLORED MAN was once asked why he did not get married. "Why, you see, sah," said he, "I got an' old mudder, an' I has to do for her, you see, sah, an' I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's an' bread an' butter she wouldn't get none. Now, ef I was to get married, I would hab to buy dem things for my wife, an' dat would be takin de shoes an' stockin's an' bread an' butter right out o' my mudder's mout!"

IT is on one of the wooded streams of Maine. A summering papa lay fishing, in company with his two boys. A magnificent silver eel, having fooled around the bait, was nimbly landed, and its mortal coil shuffled off without unnecessary ceremony. The father had resumed his occupation, when one of the youngsters, noticing the spasmodic action of the stripped eel, called out excitedly: "Look, father! look at the beast! He's making believe he's alive!"

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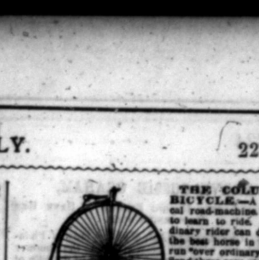

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BRAVE GUSSIE GRAHAM.

A YOUNG LADY'S HEROIC EFFORT TO SAVE HER DROWNING UNCLE.

MISS GUSSIE GRAHAM, a young lady of Philadelphia, who had been spending the Summer season at Cape May, proved her claim to the title of heroine by an act of self-sacrificing bravery which has filled that charming Summer resort with the echoes of her praise.

The party with which Miss Graham was visiting the seashore consisted of her uncle, the Rev. John R. Graham, of Brighton, England, her two brothers, Dr. James Graham and Mr. Archibald Graham, of Philadelphia, and her sister, Miss Bessie Graham. One Friday morning all of the party entered the water for their customary surf-bath. Once in the water, the bathers became separated. They had chosen for their bathing ground a spot near Denizot's Pier, the one nearer the Stockton House. The current was setting very rapidly toward the north. The bathers had not been in the water long before Miss Gussie found herself beyond her depth. Her brother saw the danger she was in, and immediately swam to her assistance. He reached her, and turned for the shore. Then came the struggle. He describes it as the hardest battle with the waves he ever had. Several times he was almost ready to give up, but he struck out manfully, and little by little drew near the shore. His strength had given out and he was just losing all hope when his feet struck the sand. He reassured his sister, and told her that they were safe. Just at this moment the Rev. Mr. Graham came up. In the excitement he had been lost sight of momentarily, and it is supposed that he started to the rescue. He swam in from the seaside, and in reaching the couple grasped the young lady with an iron grip. Before going into the water he had complained of a severe headache, and it is supposed that as he reached the struggling pair he was stricken by apoplexy.

Young Mr. Graham lost his hold upon his sister. Completely exhausted, he saw her floating out to sea again with his uncle. He shouted for help, and his other sister besought those upon the beach to go to their rescue. No one started. Out on the end of Denizot's pier, Mr. C. H. Ames, of Boston, who came to Philadelphia to attend the sessions of the National Educational Association, was watching the bathers. His attention was attracted by an unusual stir on shore, then he heard the cry of "Help! help!" and a moment later he saw a man in the water, throwing his hands up and shouting. Farther out to sea he saw two heads in the water; one was that of a lady, the other that of a man. They were floating toward the pier. Mr. Ames took in the situation at a glance. On the pier was a long rope. He whipped out his knife, cut the rope free, and rushed to the railing. Pulling off his coat, vest and shoes, he gave one end of the rope to some men on the pier, and lowered himself into the water. The young lady was only a few feet above water, but, do all that she could, only the top of the man's head could be kept above the waves. Mr. Ames speaks of the bravery of Miss Gussie as something that cannot be described. Her sole thought seemed to be to keep her uncle from drowning.

When the strong current had borne the pair nearly to the pier Mr. Ames caught a turn around his own body with the rope and sprang out. The young girl's head seemed to be drooping, as though the struggle for life was about ended. Some one on the pier, meanwhile, had thrown a plank overboard. Mr. Ames succeeded in reaching Miss Gussie, and told her to hold on to the board. She grappled it, and as it floated against a pile of the pier, held on for dear life.

"Where is the man?" asked Mr. Ames.

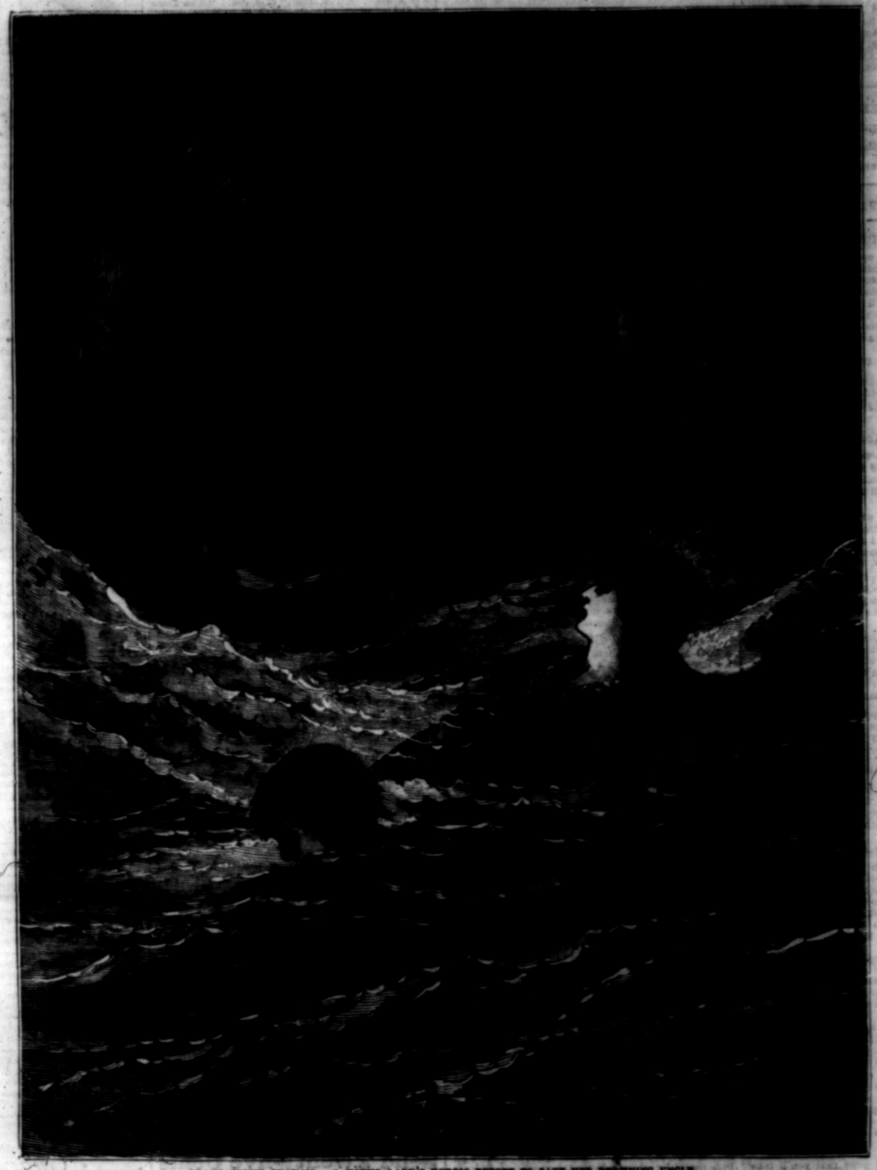
"He is under the water. Can you save him?" was the response.

Mr. Ames at that moment felt the body with his feet. He caught it between his legs, and drew it up until he could clasp it with his hands. He was clinging with one hand to the rope, which got twisted about his own body so that he walked with great difficulty. Do all he could, Doctor Graham's face would fall over into the water. Another rope was lowered and placed under the doctor's chin, which partially lifted it from the waves. Then some one pulled in with a boat, and Miss Gussie, Doctor Graham and Mr. Ames were taken aboard.

While on the way to the beach Mr. Ames worked over the doctor, who was perfectly unconscious. As soon as the beach was reached the usual methods for restoring life in case of drowning were resorted to, but all to no avail. Doctor Graham was dead.

Coroner Ware took possession of the body, and held an inquest. The body showed a highly congested condition of the head. A purple hue overshadowed the features. The verdict was drowning, superinduced by apoplexy. Mr Ames thinks that from the time Doctor Graham seized Miss Gussie in the water he was unconscious. There were no bruises nor abrasions upon his body. He says that the young lady seemed to be perfectly conscious all the time that she was trying to save her uncle, "and," he said, as he brought the story of the accident to a close, "too much praise cannot be given to the young lady for her heroic actions."

She is about eighteen years of age, and quite pretty.



BRAVE GUSSIE GRAHAM.—A YOUNG LADY'S HEROIC EFFORT TO SAVE HER DROWNING UNCLE.

A 'POSSUM STORY.

WHEN a boy I lived in the southern part of Indiana County, Pa., which was at that time but sparsely settled. One day, when I was about eight years old—I think it was in 1811—while going along a path in the woods, a little dog that was with me ran a short distance off the path and began to bark vigorously. I went to see what he had found. On a bush not thicker than a man's ankle I saw a queer-looking, clumsy animal, covered with coarse hair of a dirty white color, perched upon a small horizontal branch of the bush, not more than eight or ten feet above the ground. I shook the bush as hard as I was able. Very soon I shook its feet loose; but clinging to the limb by its tail, which was wrapped two or three times around it. Then I shook the bush harder until I set it and the animal swaying to and fro quite rapidly. At last the tail-hold gave way, and the animal fell to the ground. Instantly the little dog pounced upon it and gave it one snap. At once every sign of life was gone, for it lay at my feet, apparently stone dead. I was very much surprised that it was so easily killed. I had no idea what kind of an animal it was; but I caught it by the strong, naked tail and carried it home, where I was told it was a "possum," or, as the books have it, an opossum. This one was the *Didelphis Virginiana*, the only variety furnished with a prehensile tail. The females of this variety, in common with half a dozen varieties, have abdominal pouches, in which they carry and protect their young.

After examining it until our curiosity was satisfied, I took the dead 'possum and laid it on the top of a pile of leached ashes, the lower side of which formed a pretty steep, inclined plane about two or three yards long, down which we—that is, a younger brother and sister and myself—rolled it. This gave it four or five rapid revolutions on its own axis. But no sooner did it reach the bottom than it opened its eyes and gazed around, but showed no other sign of life. I then hit it a single blow with a small stick, which killed it as dead as ever, and shut up its eyes. I laid it on the top and let it roll down again. Again it opened its eyes and gazed around. We thought it very funny, as indeed it really was, and so, amid shouts of childish laughter, we continued to play until we were tired—killing it and making it open its eyes perhaps more than twenty times. We knew then that it was only shamming death—that it was "playing possum." It was plain, however, that, with all its cunning, it could not help opening its eyes after rolling down the bank. Young as I was, I thought it a curious discovery, and have many times thought of it since. In no book on natural history have I ever seen any mention of this curious fact, which was thus accidentally discovered by a party of children.

When the play was over the next thing was to kill the 'possum "dead"; for so far his death was all pretense. So I took a stick and beat him with all my might, giving him many blows, until I fancied I heard every bone in his body break.

I was resolved to make sure work. After I had thought that I had done so, I carried the carcass to a deep gutter that the rain had washed out, threw it in, and then covered it thickly with stones, leaves and everything I could lay my hands on; so that no smell could come from the decomposing body.

But the next morning, not feeling quite as sure as I would like to be that I had killed the 'possum "dead," I went to the place, removed the stuff I had thrown on him, and, behold, he was gone! I returned to the house to report, just in time to hear my mother give her report of the robbery of her Spring-house. Some animal had crept in, ate up her butter, and played the mischief among her milk-pans. As my 'possum had escaped, it was the unanimous verdict of the jury then and there assembled that he was guilty of that depredation; but remembering the usage to which he had been subjected, his reprieval in the Spring-house was the occasion of more amusement than vexation.

Dogs soon learn the tricks of these animals. One evening, just after dark, as I was passing through the woods, in company with another boy, having two dogs with us, an opossum was found on a bush. We shook it off, when the dogs seized it, one by the fore-quarters and the other by the hind-quarters, and never stopped pulling until they had torn it asunder. There was no feigning death that time, for the poor animal squealed vigorously until it was rent in twain.

A Boy's Devotion.

STANDING by the left bank of the Thames, and sheltered from its waters by a mound of earth, is an old but comfortable boat-house. A few roughly-hewn steps lead from the mound to the water's edge, where some six or seven boats rock idly on the surface. Over the door of this tottering mansion hangs a wooden board, with the words "Timothy Gaisford" inscribed in large letters upon a black ground. A gush of light and warmth issuing from the door guides the weary traveler to a haven worthy of his choicest desires.

In this spot I first saw the light of day. Well can I remember the dark outline of St. Paul's Cathedral, lifting its round dome in massive grandeur to the skies. Well can I remember the faint outline of the opposite shore shining dimly in the distance. I remember, when a lad of seven, a rich and influential lady coming down from Yorkshire to spend the Winter months in London. She brought with her a dumb boy attendant, whom she had adopted and treated with the greatest kindness.

One dark night she hired a boat from my father and rowed out upon the river. Scarcely was she lost in the river mist ere the floodgates of heaven were opened, the rain came down in torrents, the waves dashed against our rude pier, and threatened to dislodge it, while now and then an occasional streak of lightning, accompanied by a clap of thunder, lit up the dark surface of the river.

My father had gone off in a boat in search of the lady, and I was alone in the room. Seated on a stool by the side of a blazing fire, I was reading an interesting novel, when the door was violently pushed, and the dumb attendant of the young lady rushed in, seized a lifebelt from the wall and made for the door. I ran to intercept him, but, guessing my purpose, he raised the stool and brought it down with a crash upon my head.

I staggered back to the wall and fell, and he disappeared through the door. With a reeling head I tottered to the door and looked out upon the river. "Great heavens!" exclaimed, "he will be dashed to pieces!" For there, revealed by a flash of lightning, was the dumb boy, standing on the rail of the bridge, preparatory to plunging into the surging waters below.

A short distance from the bridge was the boat occupied by the terrified lady. It was fast sinking, and as he plunged from the bridge it sank. I saw him come to the surface stunned and bleeding. I saw him raise the lifebelt in his hand and throw it to his mistress. She caught it, and his face lit up with joy; then—he sank!

His mistress was saved, and some time after the dumb boy's lifeless body was washed to the shore, and laid in an honorable grave. Over it stands a beautiful angel of white marble, holding a scroll inscribed with these words: "Here lies Gustavus Arald, who died in the surging waters of the Thames to save his mistress."

Motto for the married—Never die-pair.